

# FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER

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## City Barricades.

It is one of the principles of arbitrary power to conceal its modes of action. The hand of steel in the velvet glove is its favorite device. If its tyranny were constantly felt—if its grip tightened upon every turn and action of life—there is no people that would not sooner or later rise against their oppressors. But the cunning of despotism tempers its worst acts, and leads it to give to its excesses a coloring of public necessity, or (so-called) deference to the popular wish. It matters little what form this tyranny may assume. To be subject to an irresponsible government, knowing no law but that of force, is bad enough, but we doubt whether it be worse than invasion of our comforts and our rights under color of law, and the authority of a popular assembly. In the one case, we have something definite to rebel against and to overthrow, but in the other a change of masters gives no relief. It is only passing from King Log to King Stork.

We venture to say that there is no other municipality in Christendom where such a violation of public rights as running a double track of

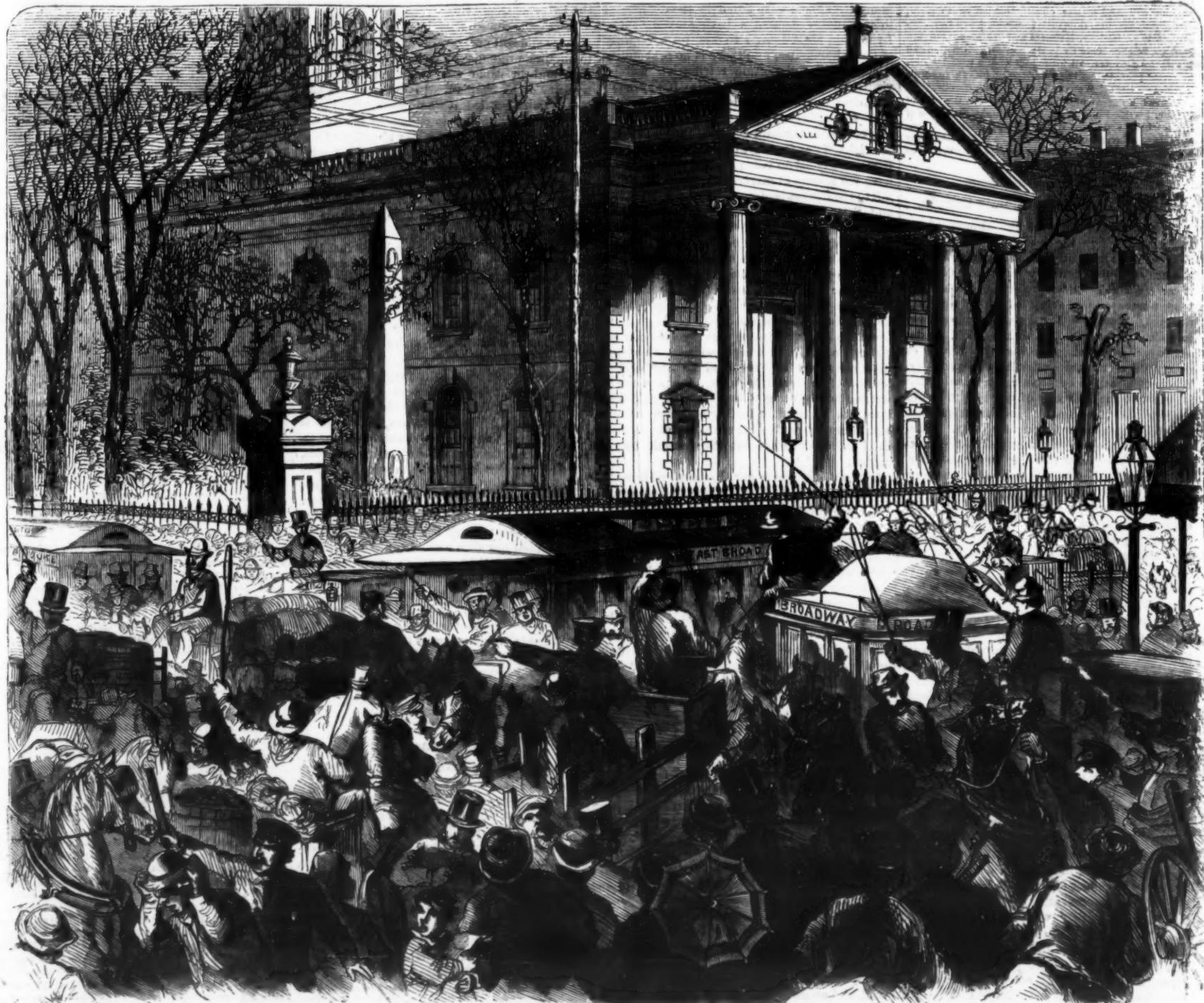
rails along and across its most crowded thoroughfare would be endured for an hour. In spite of the deep indignation of our public, a week passes before an injunction from the Supreme Court is obtained, simply restraining the running of the cars, but no measures appear to be taken to compel the restoration of the pavement to its former state.

Let us just consider what has been done: Broadway, just below the Astor House, between Vesey and Fulton streets, is the place where, above all others in the city, the greatest throng and pressure of carriages and foot passengers occur. It is precisely there that the streams from the northern and eastern parts of the city meet and struggle in their course "down town," the mass being further swollen by the pressure "across town" along Fulton street. There is hardly an hour in the day when the police is not called upon to reduce to some kind of order the confused mass of vehicles which, at this precise spot, are hopelessly wedged together. It is here that authority was not long since given to erect bridges across the street, to enable pedestrians to cross without the present imminent hazard to life and limb; and yet, incredible

as it may appear, this contracted spot, so crowded and encumbered, has been chosen by the Dry Dock and East Broadway Railway Company, under color of an Albany charter, the legality of which is very doubtful, for laying down a double line of rails, leading from Park Row, along Broadway, and running down Fulton street. Sunday, October 28th, was the time chosen for commencing this infamous work. The moral sense of the community is opposed to Sunday labor, and, if we mistake not, there are some laws which prohibit the profanation of the day. But "moral sense" is a very different quality from public spirit; it will not issue injunctions, or make itself disagreeable generally, and is, therefore, just what the projectors of this scheme can afford to laugh at. So, gangs of men worked uninterruptedly during Sunday and through the night following; the Russ pavement was torn up, the rails laid, and Monday morning saw this detestable job complete. We say complete; for, as if to show how perfectly the rights and general convenience of the public can be disregarded, the solid Russ pavement which was torn up has

not been replaced between the rails, while these are laid so as to insure as many accidents and delays to the carriages crossing them as possible.

Everybody must regret to see the good-nature of our citizens thus imposed upon, but we fear it is but another proof of the lack of a true public spirit among us. It is only by cultivating such a spirit that encroachments on our rights like this can be stopped. It is well known that the railway monopolists seek to cover all our streets with their execrable tracks. Public opinion is against a railroad in Broadway. But see how *treacherously* the attempt is made to overcome this repugnance! First, railroads are carried (always by Sunday labor) straight across Broadway, as at Bleeker, Grand and Walker streets. Then a short curve of a single track, for a long time unused till the public became accustomed to its appearance, was laid in Broadway from Canal to Lispenard street; and, finally, as no remonstrance was made, this double track from Park Place to Fulton street is thrust upon us in defiance of law and of every principle of public safety and convenience.



THE CITY BARRICADE—SCENE ON BROADWAY, BETWEEN FULTON AND ANN STREETS, DURING THE FIRST WEEK OF THE DRY DOCK RAILROAD IMBROGLIO.

If we submit to this, what is to come next? A short track has been already laid between Fourteenth and Thirteenth street, and no one has the courage to tear up the rails which have no legal right to be there. Sufferance will begat a right, and the same disregard of public sentiment which has been shown by the Dry Dock Railroad Company may any Sunday be further evinced by a few thousand workmen being turned into Broadway, and, between Saturday night and Monday morning, laying down a line of rails its entire length.

Horse railways serve an admirable purpose in our broad avenues, but we protest against the cars being brought into the densest of our down-town thoroughfares, to increase to a point beyond endurance the evils of over-crowding, of which every one complains.

### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York. Authors are requested to designate their manuscripts distinctly, and in communicating with us, to retain the original title.

**NOTICE**—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

We have to thank our friends Kunhardt & Co., of 45 Exchange Place, the agents for the Hamburg steamers, for valuable files of the latest European papers.

### GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.

A PAPER devoted exclusively to the junior members of the family, and which shall neither be too childish nor too manly, but intended to include all in its scope, has long been a want in every intelligent household. FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY is intended to supply this want, and afford amusement and instruction to the younger branches of the domestic circle. The impulsive and growing boy, and his budding sister, will find in the BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY something at once to interest and instruct, while the diversity of the contents cannot fail to attract every class of mental capacity and taste. For those who are fond of parlor sports there will be Magic Games, Conundrums and Arithmetical Puzzles, while the more serious will find matter equally attractive to them. History, Adventure, Romantic Incident, Fairy Love, Poetry, Natural History, Manners and Customs of Foreign Nations, Science Made Easy, Mechanical Instruction and Pleasant Anecdotes—all form part of the varied entertainment provided by the publisher of FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY for his young friends.

In brief, his great object has been to take the part of the family friend and tutor, who imparts the stores of his learning and experience, so judiciously and gently, as to be ever welcome to them. It has also other special attractions, to which our readers are referred to the advertisement in another column.

### United States Intervention in Canada.

It may dispel some of the clouds of disunion with which the leaders of the Fenians have either ignorantly or willfully enveloped the cause of the men now on trial in Canada, if we try at the outset to state clearly the true nature of the crime of which they are accused. Among civilized nations private war is unknown, or inadmissible. War, under whatever sanction, involves the death or injury of men, and destruction of property. When undertaken by private individuals, that is, without the authority of any recognized or responsible government, the injuries they inflict become crimes against society. What in public war is not only allowable, but confers a title to glory and fame, is, in private war, whether carried on by one individual or many, murder, arson, and pillage. What is heroism in one case is felony in the other. All who engage in the latter take their lives in their hands. By the common consent of mankind they are put outside the pale of the law, and cannot claim the immunities and privileges granted to those engaged in legalized and therefore honorable warfare.

Our only excuse for uttering those truisms is, that the Fenian leaders in the United States seem to have taught their ignorant followers that the fact of their having invaded Canada with some show of military order entitled them, when taken prisoners, to the privileges of soldiers engaged in regular war. Perhaps the delusion has been strengthened by the fact of quarter having been accorded to the men captured with arms in their hands, the impulses of mercy in the minds of their captors having been stronger than the desire of exercising an extreme right. Certain it is, that neither the action of our own Government in arresting all who returned from that marauding expedition, nor that of the Canadian Government, in having sent the prisoners before a civil court for trial for felony, seem to have quite dispossessed the Fenian mind of the idea that they were acting under the sanction of some law, express or implied. If anything could convince our warm-hearted, but wrong-headed, Celtic population of their error, it would be the recent action of the President, in the case of Lynch and McMahon. The plea of Mr. Seward in their behalf is for

mercy. The right of the Canadian Government to try these men for their lives is not disputed, nor the further right to carry the sentence of the law into execution. But even the Irish mind must perceive that in asking for clemency and forgiveness, every pretense of justification of the acts of the condemned men is utterly abandoned.

It seems to be conceded on all hands that the judicial proceedings in Canada are being conducted with all the deliberation and solemnity befitting such a momentous occasion. Our consul in Toronto has, by the latest accounts, in accordance with instructions from Washington, employed eminent counsel to defend the prisoners. Had this been done in the first instance, Mr. Seward might have been spared his anxiety to inquire into the "justice and regularity of the judicial proceedings." Already the prisoners' counsel has succeeded in postponing their trial till—we were about to write—after our elections—but in fact, till after the 12th of this month, and it is to be presumed that every effort that legal ingenuity can suggest will be made to obtain their acquittal. It is unfortunate, but, we presume, from the nature of the case, unavoidable, that an inquiry by our Government into the judicial proceedings of another country carries with it this inconvenience, that, if no flaw can be found, a sort of tacit acquiescence in the sentence is given, and our Government can thenceforward only appear as intercessors for the commutation of a punishment they acknowledge to be deserved; if, on the other hand, they dispute the legality or regularity of the proceedings, they assume the position of dictating to an independent country the interpretation of its own laws, a proceeding to which, under no circumstances, should we ourselves submit.

No one seems for a moment to suppose that Lynch and McMahon will be hanged. The postponement of the execution of the sentence to the 13th of December, in order, as the judge said, that the right of appeal which existed might be fully availed of, forbids such a supposition. That they are innocent of any offense against the peace and dignity of Canada nobody will maintain; but if they are hanged, what more severe punishment can be reserved for some of the prisoners yet to be tried, if found guilty of having actually shed blood? Many Canadians were killed in the defense of their country against a barbarous invasion. Lynch and McMahon were not proved guilty of those homicides, and there is no probability whatever that the same retribution will be visited on them as on criminals—if any such be found among the prisoners—of a deeper dye. We scarcely suppose either, that, like their late compatriot, Smith O'Brien, they will deny the right of the Crown to commute their sentence, and insist on being hanged that they may have the honors of martyrdom. But we submit to the Fenian leaders, to Stephens, Roberts, and Sweeney, that there never was a more glorious opportunity offered than the present for earning the everlasting gratitude of their race. Let them offer to surrender themselves to the Canadian Government, and vicariously suffer the punishments reserved for the unfortunate prisoners, on the simple condition that all these shall be set free. Looking at it from the lowest point of view, we wonder so obvious a mode of cheaply winning immense popularity has not occurred to any of the leaders of the rival factions. Perhaps one is waiting for the other to leap into the gulf with him; and there is the further and very serious consideration, as to what must be done in case their united or individual offers should be accepted.

The attitude which our Government is made by Mr. Seward to assume in this matter of the Fenian prisoners in Canada is no just and benevolent, that it is scarcely fair to criticize too closely his reasons for invoking clemency and forbearance on the part of the British authorities. The analogy he adduces between the rebels in our late civil war and these Canadian marauders strikes us, however, as being rather fallacious; and we do not see how, in any sense of the word, the invasion of one country in time of peace, by armed bands from another, can be viewed by the former as "eminently a political offense." Mr. Seward's answers to representations from foreign powers as to the treatment we chose to deal to our own rebels, are on record. The present position and influence of the United States may save us from having his words quoted against ourselves; nor is it quite fair in Mr. Seward to ask the Canadian Government to show leniency toward the disturbers of its peace, because this Government has "thought it just, wise and prudent"—in view, probably, of the coming elections—to treat the violation of its own neutrality laws involved in such aggressions, "with tenderness and forbearance."

If anything could increase the misfortune of the unhappy men who now lie in jail awaiting their trials, it would be the injudicious conduct of their friends in the United States. It is perfectly certain that they will have a fair trial, and no matter which way the election goes in this State, our Government will use every

possible intercession to prevent any capital punishment being inflicted. But as the only possible object of such punishment would be to deter others from making such raids in future, nothing would more certainly make the British authorities shut, inexorably, the doors of mercy, than threats, and still more, attempts to avenge the ill success of the first expedition by setting on foot a second. We have not an ardent admiration of the Canadians, but we are sure they are not a blood-thirsty race, any more than we are ourselves. We should wish them to do exactly as we should under similar circumstances, were such possible: strike hard and heavily against all invaders of our soil, especially such gangs as come to disturb our peace under pretext of redressing quarrels three thousand miles away, with which we have nothing to do, and are not responsible for, either in the past or the future; and after having once shown a plenitude of mercy toward the vanquished, let it be understood that on a second irruption we shall show none.

### Imperial Ingratitude.

THE rumors for some time floating through the European press of the mental aberration of the Princess Charlotte, wife of the so-called Emperor of Mexico, have been confirmed. She is in Miramar, the victim of great despondency and suspicion, and her medical attendants fear total and permanent insanity. The Princess seems to have been of a very ardent temperament, and very ambitious. She entered into the Franco-Austrian adventure in Mexico with her whole heart, and contributed by every means in her power to make it successful. She made herself popular with all the Mexicans with whom she was thrown in contact, and gained the respect of the bitterest enemies of the bad cause of which her husband is the visible exponent. She visited the large cities and remotest provinces of Mexico, and by her liberality, condescension and good-nature, sought to attach them to the fortunes of her husband. Nothing that a woman could do to build up the empire was omitted by her; and when the unsubstantial fabric shall crumble away, the dark page of its history will be relieved only by the paragraph which records the virtues, the devotion, and the heroism of the Princess Charlotte.

IT is well known that her visit to Europe, whence she will never return, was undertaken to obtain a prolongation of the French occupation, and in some way replenish the empty treasury of Maximilian. In both objects she utterly failed—failed, it would seem, even in obtaining that sympathy to which, as a woman, she was entitled. But she never abandoned her purpose or surrendered the object of her mission. Finding the money vaults of Europe tightly closed against her, she sought to sacrifice her own private fortune, amounting to some five millions of dollars, to the needs of her husband.

THE administrators of the will of the late Belgian king, her father, however refused their assent. This refusal seems to have been regarded by her as cruel, and the heaviest of her misfortunes, and isolating herself from her relations, she shut herself up in Miramar, where her mind gave way under the pressure of her disappointments.

THE spectacle of this unhappy lady, the wreck of so much worth and true nobility, must not be a pleasing one to the occupant of the Tuilleries. The Princess Charlotte is unhappily only one of the victims to his nefarious plot against Republicanism in America, but she is perhaps the most obvious sufferer from his bad faith and ingratitude. To serve his own sinister purposes he drew her from her true and native sphere, within which there was ample scope for all her excellent qualities, and tempted her with a shadowy crown, exciting ambitions and hopes which, when it served his purpose, he coldly and cruelly crushed.

TO the humiliations incident to the failure of his Mexican scheme, the French Emperor must add the consciousness of having betrayed the instruments of his policy. Loving the credit for foresight and judgment, which he never deserved, he gains the detestation which attaches to perfidy, and which he has conspicuously earned.

### Impeachment.

THE air is full of strange rumors. Lately an unscrupulous reporter for the daily press started a report that the President was taking advice on a latent project for suppressing Congress. The public doubted but feared, the funds fell, and a general uneasiness ensued, which required an express denial from the President to be quieted. On the other hand, there are hints of impeachment of the President, and though, as in the previous case, the public doubts, it is by no means certain that impeachment may not be attempted. Such being the case, let us see what impeachment is, and how conducted:

Our proceedings, rules and practice in cases of impeachment are borrowed from the common law of England, excepting so far as they are affected by the

Constitution or statutes of the United States, or of the several States. The Constitution of the United States declares (art. i. sec. 2) that the House of Representatives shall have the sole power of impeachment, and (art. i. sec. 3) that the Senate shall have the sole power to try all impeachments. By art. II., sec. 4, the persons made liable to impeachment are the President, Vice-President and all civil officers of the United States. The offenses for which a guilty person may be impeached are (art. II., sec. 3) "treason, bribery and other high crimes and misdemeanors." Art. III., sec. 3, declares that "treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." This would seem to be a precise definition of treason; but the House and Senate would still be free to determine what is meant by "bribery," and what offenses come within the words "other high crimes and misdemeanors." They would probably be guided, but not governed, by the rules of the common law and the practice of the British Parliament. The method of procedure, both in the United States and in a State, is substantially as follows: A resolution is offered by some member of the House, charging the party to be impeached with his supposed offense, and either demanding at once his impeachment, or, what is more common, providing for a committee of inquiry. If the resolution is passed by the House, and if a committee of inquiry be ordered, who report adversely to the accused and in favor of an impeachment, and their report is adopted, a committee (the same or another) is instructed to impeach the accused before the Senate, and demand that that body make due provision for the trial, and to info in the Senate that articles of impeachment will be prepared by the House and exhibited before the Senate. The same or another committee is intrusted to prepare articles of impeachment, which, being reported to the House and approved by them, are transmitted to the Senate by a committee who are appointed to conduct the trial on the part of the House, and who are usually styled the managers of the impeachment. Due process summoning the accused then issues from the Senate, and is served by the sergeant-at-arms, and on the day therein appointed the Senate resolves itself into a court of impeachment, all the Senators being sworn to do justice according to the Constitution and the laws. The person thus impeached is then called upon to appear and answer. If he makes default, the Senate proceeds *ex parte*. If he appears and denies the charges and puts himself on trial (and he may appear by attorney), an issue is formed, and a time is appointed for the trial, which thereafter proceeds according to law and usage, and much in the same way as in common judicial trials. If any questions arise among the Senators—who now act as judges—they are considered with closed doors, and are decided by yeas and nays, and only the decision is made public. Art. I., sec. 2, of the Constitution of the United States provides that no person shall be convicted without the concurrence of two-thirds of the members."

FRANK LESLIE, of New York, who first made illustrated journals pay, and whose publications are popular not only all over the Union, but in foreign countries, as telling and showing the current history of this nation, has been appointed one of the United States Commissioners to the Great Exhibition which will be opened, at Paris, next May. From his practical knowledge of engraving, printing and publishing, Mr. Leslie is well qualified to assist in the consideration of every point connected with book and newspaper publication.—*Philadelphia Press*.

DATA resulting from censuses conducted by several of the States show that, notwithstanding the ravages and losses of the war, the population of the country has been increasing at the rate of a million a year, or nearly four per cent. The census of 1860 gave us 31,440,000 population; that of 1870 will not fall short of 40,000,000. The facts more than justify the late prediction of the Emperor Napoleon that "the United States may, within the next hundred years, number 100,000,000 of population."

APROPOS of this cheering evidence of growth and strength, we put on record the important fact, that the report of the revenues and expenditures of the Government, for the first quarter of the current year ending September 30th, shows a reduction of \$82,000,000 in the public debt. This is at the rate of \$32,000,000 per annum, which would liquidate the whole national debt in eight or ten years. Unfortunately, our gold interest bonds carry six per cent. interest; but after 1870, four-fifths of the funded debt, or as much thereof as may not then be extinguished, will be within the control of the Treasury, to be paid off in gold (or the interest reduced by consent of the holder) by the negotiation of new loans at a cheaper rate. This will facilitate the process of liquidation, by the amount of difference in interest. The same patience, fortitude, and self-sacrifice so wonderfully exhibited throughout the war, will rid us of our gigantic debt, the burden of which is so rapidly growing less.

### TOWN GOSSIP. A Press that we Cannot Stand Much Longer.

THE lamented Lincoln, in one of those weirdly-wise speeches of his, in the last days preceding the war, gave as a reason why the United States troops must pass through Baltimore, on their way to defend Washington, that "they must go through the city, because there was no way of their going over it or under it." For the time, and in that instance, undoubtedly the droll President was right; but we should be sorry to believe that other modes of going through the American cities would not some time be put in operation than those found on the surface level. We must be able to go "over" or "under" our cities, at no distant day, in spite of that fiction; over them, as certain engineers have long ago suggested that we may go if we will, upon elevated railways; or under them, as the good people of London have been going for the last two years. All the larger American cities begin to feel the unendurable pressure of local travel; but New York, first in nearly everything, creditable or the reverse, has the distinction of being the first to declare, as well as to feel, that something must be done for the common relief, or her citizens must be smothered, like the princes in the Tower.

Years ago it became evident that the omnibus could no longer pretend to accommodate the local travel of New York, and that some mode of conveyance was indispensably necessary, by which more people could be afforded transit without any considerable increase in the number of vehicles in use. The street-car was the resource, and for the time seemed quite sufficient. But times have changed; population and the tendency to up-town living have changed with them, and quite as notable a change has occurred in the street-cars themselves. They used to be reasonably clean; not crowded beyond endurance, even when crowded by extraordinary occasions; and displaying all possible spirit of accommodation in their construction and mode

of running. Now, those that are not filthy are the exceptions, or belonging to lines so newly started that the cars have not had time to accumulate foulness; now, the crowded car is the rule upon every line, so that the possibility of sitting, or even standing at ease, is regarded as a lucky accident; now, if there is any arrangement by which the majority of clients can be newly discommoded, there seems a disposition on the part of the companies to adopt it at once; and now, if there is any pretext by which the body of patrons can be unblushingly swindled to add to the overflowing revenues of any company, that pretext is readily seized. Scarcey a railroad in New York but supplies illustrations of both the two first propositions; not one but can also illustrate the second; a recent change on one of the principal lines (the Third avenue), by which every through passenger is made to shift cars at the depot, and crowd, trouble and ill-temper inducing "confusion worse confounded," will do very well as a specimen of the third; and with the exception of a single line (the Grand street and Jersey City Ferry) which a few days ago had the decency to withdraw from the combination against law, and hoist the reasonable placard, "Fare only five cents!" all the New York lines have stuck to swindling every passenger out of seven-eighths of a cent for passage, with an energy worthy of a very much better cause.

Street-car transit on any of the leading New York lines is becoming, candidly and soberly, unendurable—leaving out any thought of the unaccommodating and swindling propensities of the companies. To adopt a suggestive phrase more forcible than polite, "We can't stand the press!" Not one man or family in fifty possesses a private carriage, while forty-nine out of the fifty need to go down town every day and back again. With no cab system, the omnibuses half-drawn off, the remainder following only a few narrow lines, and the hack system even a greater swindle than the car, our accommodations (or disaccommodations) for transit are really pitiable. We, and our families and friends, are wedged into the dirty cars like billets of wood, packed like herrings in a box, jolted about like calves for the slaughter-house in the "bad old days," before Mr. Bergh and his associates got up the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, slammed, banged, abused, and generally discommoded, until the only possibility of toleration is found in the fact that we have "Hobson's choice," this or nothing—that we can ride in that miserable way, or walk through mud, rain, or blazing heat, however tired and desirous of conveyance.

Something must be done, and done at once. The population of New York must be thinned by a prudent St. Bartholomew, or up town must be deserted, or there must be something done to ameliorate street and avenue transit. We are not going to suggest how that something is to be done—there are plenty of suggestions from all quarters; what we need is action. Over the city, by elevated railway or by balloon; under the city by tunnel, or even through the sewers (which would not be much more noisome than some of the present lines); around the city, by boats or bordering roads—anything under heaven to relieve us from the present miserable necessities. Foreign nations would not look pleasantly upon the intelligence that the good people of New York had revolted, strung up all the conveyance-managers to the lamp-posts, and taken street travel into their own hands; or that they had individually and collectively committed *Auri-kari*, in sheer despair of ever being able to get anywhere without the abject suffering of all the senses. And yet something like this, or worse, is coming, if relief does not come first and forestall the necessity. To end where we began—we "can't stand the press," which is not only that "press" signifying a pressure of body, but that other press embodied in and forming part of the unpleasant word—*Oppression*.

#### Off for Paris Already.

That there would be a sort of general exodus of the wealthy pleasure-seekers for Paris in the spring, to attend the great French Exposition, was a fact to which we have before adverted, and which every one knew who thought upon the subject at all. But none of us had any idea how early the exodus was to commence. It has already commenced, very generally and vigorously. The steamships leaving New York for the English and French ports, ordinarily, at this time of the year, going out with very scant passenger-lists, are beginning to have almost as full fares as those of the early summer; and the new year will see many hundreds of our "first citizens," their wives and daughters, relieved from the terrors of the European war, which kept them at home last spring, wintering at Paris or in Italy, and preparing what one of the droll conversationists of the last half-century used to call "a good ready" for the great event of May. Perhaps this is quite as well, for American reputation abroad; as the already-traveled may be, before the opening of the Exposition, to do up some little odds and ends of touring that would otherwise distract their attention in the midst of the Parisian festivities; while of the untraveled, some at least will be able in the intervening time to render themselves less helpless in regard to the *Rue de la Paix*, and somewhat less verdant as to things in the outer world generally. Another good result, too, may be secured before the positive winter storms frighten any more from crossing: enough of those who intend to go may have made their way over, to leave comfortable steamship accommodations for the remainder, and prevent the necessity, about April or May, of putting on so many extra vessels to accommodate the rush, utterly unfit for such service, and likely to inaugurate the Exposition with a few sea-catastrophes. Decidedly, as all things at present promise, American industry, especially in the line of useful and labor-saving manufactures and inventions, will be well represented in the gathering of people and peculiarities from all nations; and quite as decidedly, taking the very early start thus exhibited as an index, we shall not be behind in showing what foreigners may quite as much care to see on the occasion—a creditable representation of those "fair women and brave men" whom America manufactures quite as notably as sewing-machines and combination-mowers.

It is a pleasant thing, by the way, to know that during the great Paris gathering, the United States will be represented, officially and in the highest representative station—that of Minister Plenipotentiary at the French Court—by an officer of such military reputation, a man of such acknowledged probity and high character, and a gentleman of such familiarity with all the nobler amenities of society, as General John A. Dix, who unconsciously conferred a favor on the whole nation by failing to take part in the gubernatorial struggle of a single State, and thus kept himself in line to serve it in that wider and more difficult sphere. That American interests at the Exposition will be well looked after by the extensive and liberally-appointed commission who enter upon their duties abroad in spring there is no doubt whatever; and it is certainly beyond paradox that the broader and more peculiar national interests will suffer no neglect in the hands of the patriot, soldier, statesman and accomplished gentleman who follows Messrs. Dayton and Bigelow at the Legation of the Champs Elysées. The family of the Minister and his Secretary of Legation, it will be noted, are among those who are "off for Paris already"; and the Minister himself will follow at the very earliest moment possible—perhaps by the beginning of December.

#### "Old St. Paul's."

When the Londoners use these words, they seem to mean something, for three hundred years have rolled

over even the newest part of the great fane that Sir Christopher Wren built, and that space of time begins to be antiquity, however Westminster and the Tower dwarf the idea with their seven or eight hundred years. But we have an "Old St. Paul's," very old to us, and yet, as the last week of October reminded us, only one hundred years old. Perhaps, however, a hundred years of the life of America may count for three or four hundred of the life of any other nation; and when it is remembered that since our St. Paul's was built and dedicated, the war of the Revolution took place, and we had birth among the family of nations, then there is some antiquity in it after all. Washington went there to service, too, immediately after taking his seat as first President of the Republic he had founded; and his family pew, unshaded in any respect, has long made one of the charms of the old edifice.

There was an interesting season to all who love old New York on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, the 26th, 27th and 30th October, in the centenary meetings and services held there; and there was something splendidly and yet touchingly appropriate in the reading over, on Wednesday, of the dedication sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Auchmuty, "chaplain," as he then wrote himself, "to the Right Honorable William, Earl of Stirling," on the 30th of October, 1766, just one hundred years before. "George the Third was king," then, as Howard Paul might have said and sing—king, not only of England, but of what now composes all this mighty land; and it was no easy matter to listen to the repetition of that old effort without feeling the past press down almost painfully upon the heart. Old St. Paul's! old, to us if ever! God bless the fane that has seen an hundred years in the midst of such restless generations, and may the aspirations then and there breathed have their fruition of heaven; that no vandal hand may be allowed to touch the old church under any excuse of commercial or other need, until not one century more, but century upon century, shall have mosaiced its stones and filled it yet fuller to overflowing with sacred memories!

#### Amusements in the City.

The events of the week closing with the 7th of November, and those foreshadowed, are as follows: The opening of the new Steinway Hall took place on Wednesday evening, the 31st, with the hall in an unfinished condition, but yet far enough advanced to show that, when completed, it will be a great convenience to the whole musical world, in size, acoustic properties and general arrangement. The event of the opening was the appearance of the new Bateman concert troupe. Signora Brignoli, Ferranti, Tartini, Herr Carl Rosa, Madame Parry, Mr. S. B. Mills, Mr. Hatton, etc. A full and fashionable audience attended, and most of the troupe were very warmly received. Other concerts have been given on Thursday and Friday evenings and at a Saturday matinee, and the series will go on for a considerable period. \* \* \* At the Olympic Bourseauit's "Long Strike" was produced on Tuesday evening, the 30th, and proved to be a very effective drama in the main portions, with a most trashy finale, but containing the elements of popularity, and the leading parts very well rendered by Mr. Wheatleigh as Noah Learoyd; Mr. Stoddart, as Money-penny (a most extraordinary little bit and the gem of the performance); Mr. Vandenhoff, as Jim Starke; Mr. McKe Rankin, as Johnny Bell; Miss Kate Newton, as Jane Learoyd, etc. Of course the "Long Strike" is on for the long run of the Bourcicault pieces, whether good, bad or indifferent. \* \* \* At Wallack's the alternation of new pieces, "Fast Family," "Favorite of Fortune," and "2100,000" was broken in upon Monday, the 5th of November by a single evening of the "Rivals" with the old cast—more comedies to follow and blend in the extending alternation. \* \* \* At the New York Theatre the new feature has been the production of Mr. Henry J. Byron's "War to the Knife"—reasonably well given and fairly effective, and of a capital burlesque on the "Winter's Tale"—"Perdita." On Monday, November 5th, a dramatization of "Griffith Gaunt" from the pen of Mr. Augustin Daly, author of "Leah," was successfully produced at this theatre, but critical notice of the work is necessarily deferred till next number. \* \* \* At the Broadway Miss Maggie Mitchell closed her successful engagement with "Little Barefoot," on Saturday evening, the 3d, and Mr. Charles Dillon opened on Monday evening, the 5th, with "King Lear," about which some remarks more at length will be made next week, giving the "how and why" of its deserved success. \* \* \* At the Winter Garden Mrs. D. P. Bowers changed her performance on Monday evening, the 5th, to another specialty called "Diana; or, Love's Masquerade," about which, too, something more may be said in our next. \* \* \* At Niblo's the "Black Crook," apparently without end, as without beginning. \* \* \* At Barnum's the "Sea of Ice" continuing, and continuing successful.

#### FINE ARTS.

JUDGING from preparations already made at the several public galleries, the approaching winter is likely to be a lively one for connoisseurs in art. Goupil's is now open with a varied and interesting collection of pictures from the cards of well-known European artists, chiefly of the French school. A large Scriptural subject, by H. Merle, with fine, hazy atmospheric effects, is a good example of the severer style of that master, though we must confess to a more satisfactory remembrance of him in some of his small-scale pieces, such as the charming interior, with figures, in Mr. Aspinwall's gallery. A new example of Gérôme is also to be seen at Goupil's, "An Assyrian Shepherd." The scene is a sandy waste, across which a figure in wild attire is riding, mounted upon a noble horse, and followed by a closely-packed herd of goats and camels; the whole being seen through a lurid effect of flying sand. This picture is of a cold, purplish tone, and is not in Gérôme's best vein. "The Last Walk" by Tissot, is a pre-Raphaelite picture, quaint in conception, and, although imbued with the affectations of the school, an able rendering of a quaint and singular conception. It is, apparently, a passage from the sad story of Faust and Marguerite, both of whom figure at the head of a sort of family procession of odd characters wending along the road. There is a fine color in this picture, but a decided lack of the *art et couleur* in the precise rendering of the stone walls that border the road. Remembering Tissot's "Duel" exhibited in the Gambart collection last winter, we cannot think that this larger picture of the artist's is a step in advance. There is here a clever little picture, by Paul Boyer, of an old man sitting by a fire, stirring a pot, while a couple of pet rabbits are nibbling at the shreds that fall from the lap of a little girl, engaged in scraping carrots. Julianne Peyrol Bonheur—a sister of the Chevalier Ross—has here a small, clever picture of a ewe and a couple of lambs, lying out on a moory pasture. It is worth half a dozen of the best wool pictures ever painted by Verboekhoven. H. F. Gude's pictures are five in number in this collection. The most characteristic among them, perhaps, is one of fishermen in boats, drawing their nets, a composition rendered with a certain wild, poetical sentiment in which this artist loves to indulge. There is a crisp, gray picture here by Isabey, a sea-piece, with a wrecked ship, painted with great power of detail. Numerous other pictures by Seignac, Chavet, César, Compte-Calix, and other artists of note, are also to be seen in the Goupil collection.

On the other side of Broadway, where the throng of fashion are thickest, Schaus has set out a new and attractive display of art-treasures. The Dusseldorf school is here represented by H. Salentin and S. Jacobsen. The former has a strong picture of a young woman, with an infant in her arms, standing by a stone fountain; and another picture of a woman holding twin babies, the expression of infantile helplessness on the faces of the little ones being funny as well as truthful. The landscapes of Jacobsen are both snow pieces, not destitute of the dreary sentiment of the season, but marred by a blackness in the shadows fatal to the transparent effect of snow. The "Joyful Trooper" of Meissonier has all the exquisite finish and wealth of detail peculiar to that master of miniature painting in oil. No photo-

graph could render the thing more minutely, but that is the very fault of it. Want of space forbids us from even cataloguing the works of art now on view at Schaus', but we will say they are of choice selection and worthy of many visits.

The artists are now beginning to return from their summer haunts, but slowly, and by ones and twos; for October has been a golden month for them, and the splendid days in which it is going out are tempting to protracted loiterings among the pampas. S. R. Gifford has returned to his studio from the mountains, with many sketches and studies for future elaboration. Bierstadt has built himself a mansion and studio at Irvington, on a scale commensurate with his Rocky Mountain pictures, but he still retains his studio in the Tenth street building. Next week we shall have many arrivals and new arrangements to record.

An institution which bids fair to be a success is about to be opened in this city by that popular artist, M. Louis Lang, who is now making arrangements for it at his new studio in the building on the N.W. corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth street. It is to be a school for the instruction of young ladies in the arts of drawing and painting, the principles of which are to be conveyed in a practical and impressive manner. Mr. Lang, who is musician as well as painter, proposes to open, in connection with the above, a class for the acquirement of musical composition and thorough-bass.

Among the passengers by the new Havre packet St. Laurent, to this port, we mark the name of Constant Mayer, the artist, who has returned to this city after a brief visit to his relatives in Paris. M. Mayer had upon his canvas, when he left New York, a fine picture, called "The Convalescent," to put the finishing touches to which will probably be his first care. His commission from the City Government for a series of portraits will give him full occupation for a considerable time to come.

#### WORDS FROM A SORE HEART.

The following letter from one of the bereaved by the Evening Star calamity explains itself and the feeling under which it was written. It is scarcely necessary to say, in connection, that our use of the word "distinguished," in referring to the loss of the steamer, was simply employing that word to signify well-known to the public. No feeling heart fails to recognize how "distinguished" every lost one may have been to those left behind; and when the writer of the letter understands that the person who penned the paragraph complained of had three dear and lamented friends on board the ill-fated steamship, whom he, nevertheless, was obliged to rank with the undistinguished, the inoffensive sense of the word, as used, will be even better appreciated by her:

NEW ORLEANS, La., October 24th, 1866.

Publisher of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

Sir—I have been taking your Illustrated Paper for a long time. In looking over the last, where this sad calamity of the Evening Star is spoken of, I did so with a grief-stricken heart—for that calamity has made me a widow. In your remarks thereon, you casually mention, "Excepting General Palfrey, there appears to have been no distinguished persons on board." Ah! how little do on-lookers know or care for this world's rank! Sir, ask every one of the broken-hearted mourners who are now crushed by this life-long agony, what "distinguished" means, and they will tell you. It was the tender father, the loving husband, the kind brother, etc. Who held no place there. When these souls were passing through the dark waters of death to the bar of the great God that made them all, He had no respect of persons, but knowing the hearts He tried, His mercy was for all. The poor man's soul is as precious in His sight as the rich. General Palfrey was, I have no doubt, a very fine man, but at such a time to make comparisons is not well. Survivors feel the pain, just as if it was said, "It is not much matter for the others." Oh, sir, I could tell you of one of these suffering ones, whose life has been, since he grew up to manhood, nearly one train of disappointments. Poverty, disease, pain, care, toil—in all he was the tender husband, the kind friend, the ready reliever of the poor and afflicted, the cheerful, generous giver out of the few means at his command. I could tell you of his gratitude to God when he was restored, after long sickness, to health, and after many a struggle, working his way to an honorable independence. I could tell you of many a good deed done to the old and feeble, and those who had no one to care for them. "I must do all the good I can," was his constant saying; but it is now over. True, as this world goes, he had no rank; he was, I may say, one of "nature's noblemen," and had it pleased God to have entrusted him with wealth, he would have caused the hearts of the poor and friendless to rejoice; if man did not, perhaps God looked on him as "distinguished;" by working in His ways and honoring His precepts, we are told "the memory of the just is blessed;" and many here mourn for him, and his broken-hearted wife in her solitary and darkened home sits hoping and waiting in vain for the step of him who comes not. That is one of the passengers of the ill-fated ship. And others could, I have no doubt, tell many a similar tale of their loved ones. Oh, sir, you see it is not man that can judge, and it is better at such a solemn time, and of such an awful ordeal as they had to pass through to death, to speak kindly and feelingly for the sake of both sufferers and survivors.

Yours with sorrow,

J. Towne.

#### PITOME OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

For the fifty-four captaincies to be filled in the United States Regular Army, there are said to have been no less than ten thousand two hundred applications on file in the War Department.

Rumor has it that Mrs. Hooper sacrifices the income on \$100,000, in order to become Mrs. Senator Charles Sumner. What is money, however, when both love and celebrity are to be conciliated?

The Illinois girl who lately lost her speech, except retaining the power to whisper, has had forty offers of marriage—from course from people who expected to gibe all the while themselves, and were therefore intolerant of any one else saying a word aloud. Very sensibly, the girl has refused them all, waiting for some deaf and dumb applicant to offer himself.

The United States have two hundred times the amount of coal that Great Britain has—that country not long ago considered the coal-field of the world!

Minnesota raises sixteen million bushels of wheat each year.

The highest salary paid to any man in New England is said to be received by the agent of a woolen mill in Massachusetts—fifteen thousand dollars. The lowest is believed to be that of a Methodist preacher, who stated at a late convention in Boston that his salary for preaching last year was a new hat and a bushel of apples.

At the recent sale of the pews in the new and magnificent Hebrew Temple in Cincinnati, the price of \$1,000 was put on first-class seats and \$500 on the second. Upon these enormous sums premiums were bid, ranging as high as \$3,500. A sum amounting to nearly \$500,000 was realized from the sale. This is probably the most liberal rental ever made in the history of edifices for Divine worship in this or any other country.

The "freedom" are looking up, whether thanks to the President, or in spite of him. One negro has just been admitted to the Philadelphia bar, and a second has been put in nomination for the Massachusetts Legislature in Boston.

A prisoner in the Buffalo jail let himself down into the vault of the prison and, as appeared from subsequent examination, entered the sewer, which is only sixteen inches square, hoping to escape. It is supposed he perished in the fearful attempt.

—A man in Pittsburg, the other day, fancying himself attacked with symptoms of cholera, swallowed an entire bottle of Perry Davis's Pain-Killer, and followed it with a dose of laudanum. Both the cholera and the man were killed.

Judge Shaffer and G. W. Howard, of California, own a dairy farm which occupies twenty-five miles of the sea coast, running from the city of San Francisco, and embracing altogether seventy-one thousand acres.

—There is a mystery connected with the ways and habits of the grasshoppers that swarm on our Western prairies. A Colorado paper says: "When the wind blows from the south-west, they fly with it. When from any other direction they alight and cover the ground in places to the depth of an inch.

—A correspondent, writing from San Francisco, furnishes an incident, so horrible in its details that the pens of Hawthorne might weave it into romance: Complaint was made to the health officer that the occupant of a handsome residence in one of our fashionable quarters was creating a nuisance by keeping the corpse of his wife in the building, to the great discomfort and ill-health of the neighborhood. It appears that the wife of the person complained of died about a year ago, when the husband purchased a metallic coffin, and placed the corpse in one of the rooms of his residence. It was alleged more particularly that the day previous to the complaint he had taken the body from its coffin and washed it with the garden hose, afterward placing it in the coffin, and where, at the time of the complaint, it still remained. Since as was the evidence of undying and unalterable affection, the spectacle of that stricken and inconsolable widow playing the garden hose upon the decomposed remains of his former partner seems to have been too much for the neighbors. The health officer thought so to, and the nuisance was abated.

—A dispatch from Augusta, Ga., says, it is thought an effort will be made on the meeting of the Legislature in November to relieve the people from the payment of certain debts contracted prior to and during the late war. The plea urged for repudiation, is the loss of the slaves and the failure of the crops. The amount of property returned in the State for 1865 is \$207,000,000; in 1860, \$62,323,775; and to the State over \$465,000,000.

—The Norfolk (Virginia) *Old Dominion*, has the following: "Southern ladies do not talk to anything like the same extent as in former years. What does it mean? Are we wrong in classing this phenomenon among the signs of the times? We believe it is the result of a mysterious solemnity that has, in the last few years of trial and mighty events, crept over the world. Levity is not as wide-spread. Men and women look now more in earnest, and work harder, do more toward carrying out the end of their being. We may be wrong, but such are our convictions, in spite of the wickedness abroad in the land."

#### Foreign.

The advertisement of a schoolmaster in a Viennese paper informs the public that at his establishment the pupils are taught "all the languages spoken in the Austrian empire, viz.: Bohemian, Polish, Russian, Magyar, Croat, Servian, Scovian, Rouman, Italian and German"—in all ten. Think of a country having ten established local languages, and then wonder that Austria, in the late struggle, has not been found "homogeneous."



THE MISSES COOKE'S SCHOOL-ROOM, CHIMBORAZO HOSPITAL, RICHMOND, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.

**MISSES COOKE'S SCHOOL-ROOM,  
Chimborazo Hospital, Richmond, Va.**

One of our illustrations last week showed an office of the Freedman's Bureau, at Richmond. This week, as a continuation of the interesting series, we give a picture of the school-room for the freed children (of larger and smaller growth) at Chimborazo Hospital,

on a high bluff overlooking the James River, at the extreme southern part of the city of Richmond. The whole of the buildings of this hospital were assigned for the reception of colored refugees after the evacuation of the city by the Confederates; and this school, founded under the auspices of the National Freedmen's Relief Association, tells its own story in the order prevailing, and the promise which it gives of permanent

benefit to that colored race which could not have been so long kept in slavery if it had not likewise been kept in ignorance.

**MRS. D. P. BOWERS AND "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET."**

It was a remark of an acute critic, many years ago, that "scarcely an artist could be found on any stage incapable of playing some part with rare perfection, if only the artist or his friends could be induced to understand what was the peculiar part;" and many instances, on both the American and the foreign stage, illustrate the truth of the statement. When Mr. Sothern, a pleasant actor, but by no means a great one in other lines, picked up Lord Dundreary, he found the prize of his life. Mr. Owens, a more uniformly excellent actor, but never before within the reach of the celebrity which was his due, found a correspondingly excellent chance in Solon Shingle; and Mr. John S. Clarke discovered his measure almost equally well as Major Wellington de Boots; just as Mr. Jefferson had done as Ass Trenchard. Miss Jean Margaret Davenport struck a corresponding "placer" in fame if not in wealth as Peg Woffington; Mr. Chanfrau found it in the Mose characters; Mr. Blake had it (among other excellencies) as Jesse Rural; Mr. Coulcock struck it as Abel Murcott; perhaps Mr. Davidge rivaled either as Solomon Proby. The most notable instance, after all, previous to the success of the subject of this sketch, was Miss Maggie Mitchell's Fanchon—not only alone, but beyond approach. To this same class of peculiar excellencies, toward which all others may pass in despair, belongs the Lady Audley of Mrs. Bowers, in John Brougham's play from Miss Braddon's "Lady Audley's Secret." The character of the subtle, handsome, versatile, bewitching "diamond woman," without one particle of heart, but with a world of simulated caressing fondness to alone for the lack, is hers, hers alone, and no other person can hope to approach it. She may play it when and where she will, and it will always draw, from the subtle reality of the personation. Elsewhere we give an excellent portrait of the lady (a highly pleasing general actress in all appropriate lines, and deservedly popular)—a face worth studying, though even better on the stage than pictorially.

**THE MOZIER STATUES.**

MR. MOZIER, the distinguished American sculptor, resident of Rome, and so well and favorably known by American travelers, has just placed on exhibition seven of his splendid statues in marble, at the Gallery of the Tenth Street Studio Buildings. It is very seldom that we have an opportunity to see such a collection of rare works. They were all modeled and done in marble at Rome. Mr. Mozier is now on a visit to the land of his birth, and brings the marbles with him, at the urgent request of a large number of Americans who had been at his studio in Italy.

The most important work in the collection is called:

**THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.**

It is an illustration of the following familiar passage:

"And he arose and came unto his father. But when he was a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him."

The figures are life-size: the returned prodigal is flung himself into the arms of his father. The old man holds him tenderly to his bosom and bends over to kiss him on the cheek. The figure of the father represents one of those grand old patriarchs described by the Bards of the Bible; compassion, paternal affection and

forgiveness are depicted in every feature of the face; on his head, he wears an Hebraic turban; the drapery is grand, and must have cost the artist months of study and labor; the whole figure is full of power; every part thereof having been carefully considered. The figure of the son is that of a youth from eighteen to twenty years of age; his attenuated form shows the privations he has undergone; famished, weary and exhausted, he returns; all is rendered by a master-hand. It is in the face, however, that we discover the triumph of the artist. As the penitent youth reclines his head on his father's bosom and looks up, a calm smile overspreads his care-worn face. Seeing the forgiveness of his father, gratitude wells up from his heart and wreaths his features with the utmost tenderness. Any one who can look on this great group, unmoved by either compassion or pity, must have a heart as hard and cold as granite.

We have never seen any modern group that so completely illustrated the uses and beauty of the sublime art of sculpture. It is a poem, a moral lesson, and an imperishable illustration of one of the most beautiful and touching scenes in the sacred Scriptures.

The next figure that attracted our attention was

**UNDINE RISING VAILED FROM THE CASTLE WELL.**

This is a most beautiful figure; it is fully draped, with the face averted, and most ingeniously veiled, as to prevent recognition. She stands on the water in a very graceful attitude, with one hand over her head, hold-



MRS. D. P. BOWERS, THE POPULAR ACTRESS, AND GREAT REPRESENTATIVE OF "LADY AUDLEY."

FRANK PIGEON, OF THE ECKFORD B. B. CLUB;  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

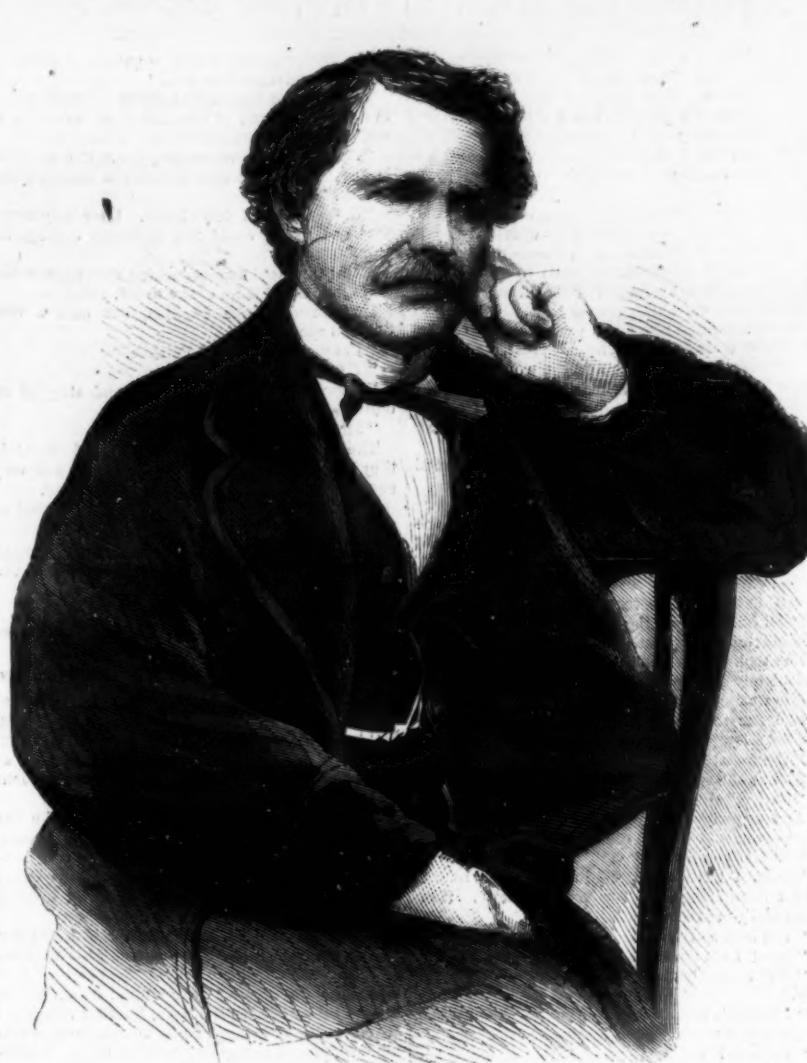
ing up the veil, which is exquisitely managed. Her lithe and agile form shows through the airy folds of the drapery, giving the impression of a lovely molded creature. Whoever may be fortunate to get this statue will have one worthy of any collection in the country. It is life



IL PENSERO.

The third figure is  
JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

She holds in her left hand the old historic timbrel of the Israelites, and looks pensively to the ground; the head and face resemble those fair daughters of Judah—the very personification of faithfulness, constancy and affection. The figure is finely draped and its pose is



JOSEPH MOZIER.

stand, teaching and impressing the same divine principle, mutely, eloquently, for all time. Such are the uses of sculpture; grand and matchless art!

## THE PERI; OR, EDEN REGAINED.

This statue is about the height of the "Venus de Medicis"—perfectly nude, with wings. In her left hand she holds one

"the starry bowls  
That lie around that lucid lake:  
Upon whose banks admitted souls  
Their first sweet draught of glory take!"

She seems to be the embodiment of one of those beautiful creations of Tom Moore, with the attributes of the angel—yet human. In her right hand shine the crystal tears of the penitent sinner, and she exclaims, as she confidently presents at the eternal gate those gifts most dear to angel eyes—



UNDINE.

most admirable. With becoming meekness and resignation, she awaits the decision of her father. There is a beautiful sentiment in this statue—that of patient submission to the will of her parent, which in these degenerate days must always be pleasant to look upon. Though this figure may exist for centuries, even when the brain that conceived it and the hand that fashioned shall have returned to dust, still it will



JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

The chief merit of this statue is its thoughtful repose. It is a thinking being, pulsating with life, and we feel, in looking upon it, that we are in the presence of a living mortal.

Mr. Mozier has displayed great power and knowledge in the management of the draperies of this superb statue. It is a universal favorite.

The other two figures,

POCAHONTAS and the WEPT OF WISH-TON-WISH.



PERI.

are of a different kind of composition, and we shall take occasion to notice them at another time.

Mr. Mozier's powers as an artist are fully established; had they not been, however, his *chef d'œuvre*, the RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON, is enough to give him a seat in the Pantheon of fame.

We extend to him a most cordial welcome on his return to his native land, and bespeak for him the consideration and reward his great genius so richly deserves.



POCAHONTAS.



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON—MARBLE GROUP—LIFE SIZE.



WEPT OF WISH-TON-WISH.

## GEM POEMS OF THE LANGUAGE.

## THE SONG OF THE NORTH.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

"AWAY, away," cried the stout Sir John,  
"While the blossoms are on the trees;  
For the summer is short, and the time speeds on,  
As we sail for the Northern Seas.  
Ho! gallant Crozier and brave Fitz-James,  
We will startle the world, I trow,  
When we find a way through the Northern Seas,  
That never was found till now!  
A stout good ship is the Erebus,  
As ever unfurled a sail;  
And the Terror will match with as brave a one  
As ever outrode a gale."

So they bade farewell to their pleasant homes,  
To the hills and valleys green,  
With three hearty cheers for their native isle,  
And three for the English Queen.  
They sped away beyond cape and bay,  
Where the day and night are one—  
Where the hissing light in the heavens grew bright,  
And flamed like a midnight sun.  
There was naught below save the hills of snow,  
That stretched to the icy Pole,  
And the Esquimaux, in his strange canoe,  
Was the only living soul.

Along the coast, like a giant host,  
The glittering fleet—a frown'd;  
Or they met on the main, like a battle plain,  
And crashed with a fearful sound.  
The seal and bear, with a curious stare,  
Looked down from the frozen heights,  
And the stars in the skies, with great wild eyes,  
Peered out from the Northern Lights.  
The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz-James,  
And even the stout Sir John,  
Felt a doubt like a chill through their warm hearts  
thrill,  
As they urged the good ships on.

They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,  
Where even the tear-drops freeze;  
But no way was found, by strait or sound,  
To sail through the Northern Seas.  
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,  
And they sought, but they sought in vain;  
For no way was found through the ice around  
To return to their homes again.  
But the wild waves rose, and the waters froze,  
Till they closed like a prison wall:  
And the icebergs stood, in the silent flood,  
Like jailers, grim and tall!  
O God! O God! it was hard to die  
In that prison-house of ice;  
For what was fame or a mighty name,  
When life was the fearful price?

The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz-James,  
And even the stout Sir John,  
Had a secret dread, and their hopes all fled,  
As the weeks and months passed on.  
Then the Ice-King came, with his eyes of flame,  
And looked on the fated crew;  
His chilling breath was as cold as death,  
And it pierced their warm hearts through:  
A heavy sleep that was dark and deep,  
Came over their weary eyes;  
And they dreamed strange dreams of the hills  
and streams,  
And the blue of their native skies.

The Christmas chimes of the good old times  
Were heard in each dying ear,  
And the patterning feet and the voices sweet  
Of their wives and children dear;  
But it faded away—away—away—  
Like a sound on a distant shore,  
And deeper and deeper came the sleep,  
Till they slept to wake no more.  
Oh, the sailor's wife and the sailor's child,  
They weep, and watch, and pray,  
And the Lady Jane, she will hope in vain,  
As the long years pass away.  
The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz-James,  
And the good Sir John have found  
An open way to a quiet bay,  
And a port where all are bound.  
Let the waters roar on the ice-bound shore  
That circles the frozen Pole;  
But there is no sleep and no grave so deep  
That can hold the human soul.

LADY INEZ;  
OR, THE  
PASSION FLOWER.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

## CHAPTER II.—THE DRAWING LESSON.

ABOUT an hour after that when the two cavaliers met on a vast plain some fifty miles from Mexico, and as the sun was setting, one of the Vailed Brethren might have been seen going in the direction taken by the Lady Passion-Flower upon her return home from church.

Apparently, if judgment were taken on his walk, he was a man long past the spring time of his life; but his walk only was the evidence by which he could be judged, for the reader will recall that the Vailed Brethren when performing the offices to which they were devoted went about with a covered face.

The appearance of these brethren was sufficiently ghastly. The body was enclosed in a long black robe, which fell from the neck to the feet, and even covered them. A kind of hood hid the whole of the head, there being cut in front a couple of round holes to admit of the prisoner using his eyes. The hood was loose in front, and fell in folds over the mouth. This hood, it must be understood, was of crape, and therefore very

light; but in a hot country such as Mexico, this costume—which is no longer worn, for during the recent French occupation the brethren were suppressed, on the plea that they were unnecessary to this century—this costume was exceedingly fatiguing, for it impeded perspiration. But the brethren religiously adhered to it, and never made any effort to change it. This uniform completely effected the concealment of the brother, and with his concealment hid his charity.

To return to the evening in question, when one of the Vailed Brethren was seen to move in the direction taken by Lady Passion-Flower, as she turned homeward after prayer time.

Several saluted him as he passed with a respect which was almost reverential. Most men lifted their hats as he moved, and the women stooped their heads and crossed themselves.

He returned the salute in most cases, of course uttered no word, and continued silently on his way.

Through the city he went, from it, and toward the lady's villa.

Suddenly there was a quick, sharp whistle. The Vailed Brother had passed behind the house, and had he been followed, the spy would have learnt that the apparently old, decrepit, valed man had disappeared.

Within the villa, as the lady heard the whistle, she let fall the painting-brush she was holding, and started to her feet.

She took no heed of the painting that was now completely destroyed by the fall of the brush.

She was alone, and she trembled.

She ran to a certain panel in the room, and waited a few anxious seconds.

"His footsteps," she cried.

And as she spoke the panel moved.

"Carlos," she cried.

And eagerly cast herself into the arms of a man—young—who entered as she spoke.

"At last you have come?"

"Inez, I have only been in Mexico six hours, and I have ridden hard to reach the city. How beautiful you are!"

"You look as though success was with you."

"It is; I am convinced success is mine."

"But remember how great is the danger you run."

"I know it, and seek it." "And are you still as much shut away from the world as ever?"

"Yes—and solitary, my Carlos, I must remain."

"Does he still live?"

"Yes, because the intimation that he no longer exists has never been given to me."

"Then we must wait. You are determined to remain in Mexico?"

"Yes, it is most needful that I should remain here."

"Have you any news for me?"

"No, dear Carlos, except that danger is as near all of us as it well can be."

"Do you know from what quarter?"

"No; there seems to be a mysterious enemy who never gives me any peace."

"Strange. His friend, think you?"

"I hardly know what to think. But, on the other hand, I should inform you that I appear to have a mysterious friend."

"And who is he?"

"That is equally a mystery."

"In what way have you learnt the existence of both?"

"I will tell you—ha, the duenna."

They had seated themselves on a sofa, he with an arm about her waist, she with an arm round his neck.

But at these words—"the duenna"—they separated, almost guiltily, and when the aged woman entered she found the gentleman seated at the table, painting, and Inez bringing him one of the two specimens of her art.

"Monsignor," she said, in alarm.

"Yes, I am once more in Mexico," he replied, laughingly.

"Were you seen to enter the house?"

"No."

"Heaven be praised."

"Do you remain here, monsignor?"

"No, dame."

"How do you purpose leaving the house?" she asked, with evident alarm expressed upon her face.

"As I came."

"And how was that?"

"That is my secret."

Inez laughed, but the duenna was evidently suffering from great mental disturbance.

The new-comer saw this, and turning to the aging woman, he laid his hand upon her shoulder and said:

"Do not waste prayer on me, good mother; I'm my father's son, and know danger from safety by merely being near it."

And again he laughed.

By the way, have we said that he was singularly like Don Gracios?

A casual acquaintance of both could not have avoided mistaking one man for the other.

## CHAPTER X.—FAIRHOE.

THAT same evening Fairhoe, St. Asaph and Drummond were seated in the public gardens, canvassing the merits of the lady called Passion-Flower.

"By Jove," bawls Fairhoe, "she is one of the loveliest women I ever saw."

"Granted," replied Drummond, "but now you have slept on it, surely you have given up your wild idea of marrying her?"

"By Jove, I have not."

"But," urged St. Asaph, "what a mistake it would be to march home such a wife to the old people at home. They would never forgive you."

"Oh, yes they would, and they will. I say I'll marry her?"

Drummond laughed.

"You appear to have completed the contract in your own mind, without questioning the other

side. Suppose that she is engaged, or married, or takes an aversion to you?"

"She is not married—I swear; I hope she is not engaged; and if she takes an aversion to me, why—faint heart never won a fair lady."

"Good," cried Drummond, "but if your heart is not faint, how comes it that you did not speak to her?"

"Upon my life I don't know. I am only aware that I—I hardly could find sufficient courage for that."

At this moment a quiet-looking man approached them and asked if he spoke to Mr. Fairhoe.

He himself spoke English, but with a very Spanish accent.

"I'm your man," said Fairhoe.

"This letter, señor."

He gave the missive, bowed, and stepped on one side.

"Strange."

The three looked after him. Unfortunately they lost sight of him before they knew how very necessary it was that he should be arrested.

The letter once opened, the friends read as follows:

"Your life is in danger. The life of any man would be in danger who aspired to the love of the Lady Passion-Flower. Be warned."

The letter was not signed.

"Now I swear I will marry her," cried Fairhoe.

## CHAPTER XI.—THE ACCIDENT TO A WATCH-CHAIN.

Ir Captain Blayser, of the yacht Grace, harbored in the remarkably doubtful harbor of Vera Cruz, had had the least warning of the danger in which his youngsters stood, he would have been up at Mexico city, with a deal of way upon him, in about no time.

"But your English sailor is a man, when he has any education, not at all given to giving himself airs, and he will not, if he can help it, push himself forward unless he is quite sure he is doing others harm and himself no good by holding back."

He had warned the youngsters against Mexican knives, and after he had done so, this mariner shook his head over his last hollands he took that night, and doubted whether he had done right in giving this advice to the boys, for your rough old school sailor is a wonderfully modest mariner in his way, and is not given to think much of himself in any other way than the ways of navigation.

But had Cap'en Blayser had the least capful in the world of an idea that his youngsters had got a Mexican "tickler," as he would have called the letter received by Albert Fairhoe, he would have done his best in a saddle, albeit a chair would, for the following fortnight, have appeared as bad a seat as broken bottles in an ordinary way.

Meanwhile, poor Cap'en Blayser took things quiet, only looking a little blue about the gills—"For," said he, "if any o' them boys is wrecked, what could I say to their blessed people at home—naught? That is what I could say, which is as easy said as luffing in a snatch of a sou'-west. Lord keep 'em high and dry, and let us hope no Mexican revolution will break out, for their knives boxes the compass, and they'd be sure to be out to see the fun, and who knows what 'ud happen? Lord, I see myself fetching up afore one of them governors, or maybe the lord chancellor himself, trying to tack, and breaking down like a barge in the mud."

To be sure, there was no fear of the examination in question having to be undergone; but the cap'en felt as he must do it in event of accidents;

"For," said he, to the hollands, "men with gray hair feels for men with the same, whether with sons or not, all the world over."

The fact is, the captain had a conscience, and he was a good old fellow, though perhaps hollands was a liquor too much in his way.

Meanwhile, at Mexico, that scene was passing which took place just about the time at which the old captain timed it.

"Now, I swear I will marry her," were Fairhoe's words.

"Bravo!" said both friends.

"That is phony," added St. Asaph.

"This seems a queer place we have got into," said Drummond.

"What say you, you fellows, shall we fall back from a beggarly thing of a letter? Are we to be frightened by a bit of paper?"

"The only bit of paper that could frighten me," said St. Asaph, "would be the copy of a writ. I own I can't stand that."

Drummond laughed at this sally, not so Fairhoe; this latter was too preoccupied to catch what wit, if any, there was in St. Asaph's remark.

"You'll stand by me, won't you?"

"Yes, yes," was the reply of both men, their eyes sparkling.

For it is one of the greatest charms of the character of a true English gentleman, that while he will not thrust himself forward in any heroic way, and indeed rather affects to look down upon pushing one's bravery forward, this gentleman, when once his courage and valor are appealed to, is as persistent in his resistance as any man in the world, and perhaps more so.

Drummond laughed at this sally, not so Fairhoe; this latter was too preoccupied to catch what wit, if any, there was in St. Asaph's remark.

"Diabolos!" cries the passenger, as the boy springs up with a cry of pain.

Then the observer would have marked that the pedestrian held this conversation with the boy:

to help him carry to an end his purpose of becoming acquainted with the unknown lady, it is very likely they would have treated the proposal coolly, or have thrown it over together.

But now that they were threatened as it were in the name of their friend, the spirit of resistance was at once awakened in them.

"Then," said Fairhoe, "you fellows will really assist me in defying this unknown enemy, if indeed the whole affair is not a threat which has no strength to back it."

"For my own part," said St. Asaph, "I am under the impression that it is a hoax of some character. We may have overheard talking of the lady, and some friend may be in this part of the world who takes this odd means of introduction, having himself heard our talk. I cannot believe that there is anything serious in the letter."

"I don't know so much about that," said Drum, "I remember as a boy reading very much of Spanish and Corsican vendettas, where the insult of a moment has led to years of resentment; nay, I remember reading somewhere that vendetta positively keeps down the advance of population in Corsica itself. Remember that these Mexicans are descended on the one hand from Spaniards and Corsicans, and by their early mothers from American Indians, who are the most cunning, remorseless and patient in their revenge of all the races in the world. I am inclined to believe

"Have I hurt thee, child?"

"Ay, señor, your feet are as heavy as a bad conscience."

"Then will I plaster thy wound with a few reals if thou hast flowers to sell."

The boy touched his forehead with the back of his hand and smiled.

Then the observer would have noted that the heads of the buyer and seller approached, that apparently there was a discussion over the flowers, and that finally the passer-by purchased a couple of bunches, putting back a third which he had lifted. He gave the boy money. Then the observer would have noted that the pedestrian said cheerfully:

"Heaven be with thee, lad—good-bye."

"And with you, too, señor," was the reply.

Then the pedestrian went one way, the boy another, and had the pedestrian been followed it would have been found that he went to a café in a small back street, that he entered with a pleasant word, and that his first act was to place his purchases in a flower-vase on the counter, and call for water.

The boy had taken the direction preferred by the three yachtsmen, to whom we will now return.

The three friends strolled toward the plaza, the open square of the city, and then turning to one of the cafés with which the spot was provided, they sat down at one of the little tables which are placed outside the shops, and a waiter appearing, their orders were very rapidly given.

And now, absurd as the following particulars may read, it is necessary that they should be given—St. Asaph and Drum ordered chocolate, Fairhoe lemonade.

And the three friends were thus seated at the table—St. Asaph and Drummond sat with their backs to the café, their faces toward the open square. Before each of them, as they sat each with an elbow on the marble table, there was a chair, which St. Asaph and Drummond had drawn up, much after the fashion of Englishmen, upon which to rest their feet.

It will thus be seen that there was a kind of barrier between these two and any one approaching the table.

Fairhoe, on the contrary, would, so to speak, touch any one who came near.

The waiter set each article ordered before the men. Fairhoe's lemonade was placed near the edge of the table, and, as attracted by something Drum said, he turned half way from the plaza and toward the table, it fell out that any one approaching desirous of addressing the three friends at once, would stand between St. Asaph's second chair and Fairhoe himself, and directly before the glass of lemonade.

The plaza at Mexico is of an evening always swarming with street-dancers and singers, flower and fruit boys and girls, and people of a like character.

The friends had been seated during two minutes, and they had only been troubled by one guitar and two pair of castagnettes, when a boy of very engaging looks approached and held his basket up before Fairhoe.

The boy was an extremely handsome, attractive, happy-looking lad, and he at once startled the three friends by speaking in English, broken, but very correctly accented.

"Good even, señors—flowers?"

"Why, the boy speaks English," said Fairhoe, laying his hand upon the boy's shoulder.

"Hullo, lad," he said almost immediately, "why are you trembling—why are you shaking?"

"Juan have been ill, señor."

"Poor lad—poor lad," said Fairhoe, in a tender voice, for he had been brought amongst women, and such men can always ... a kindly tone in their voices with very little trouble—hence they are so successful in their love-making.

The boy trembled still more.

"Why, confound it," said St. Asaph, "he has tears in his eyes."

"Juan—weak—is not strong."

"Is Juan your name?"

"Juan."

"What else?"

"Juan Benito."

"Can you write?"

"A little, señor."

The boy was still trembling.

"How came you to speak English?"

"Juan—once cabin boy—Englishman's yacht."

"Ha—been on a yacht. Would you like to go on one again? By the way," he continued, turning to his friends, "our boy is getting very troublesome, and this looks a handy lad. What if we were to take him on?"

"Blayser would never take to him," said St. Asaph.

"True," continued Fairhoe. "I would I could help him, for there is something in his face which reminds me of some old association—though I cannot say what."

The friends nodded.

And somehow, this association working upon his heart, he found himself holding the boy's hand.

"Hullo," he said, suddenly, "these hands are rare and fine for a street boy's."

St. Asaph and Drummond leaned forward.

There could be no doubt that the hands were very delicate, and even that they were beautifully tanned.

"Why, they look like a girl's hands," said St. Asaph.

The boy was now trembling still more.

"Juan's flowers do not hurt hands," the boy said, in a faint voice.

"Confound the boy," said Fairhoe, "I seem to be quite pitying him. Lad, take this, and trot along."

He picked up a bunch of flowers—have we said the basket was full of fresh blossoms?—and dropped a large piece of silver in the boy's hand.

"He is positively bowing," said St. Asaph;

"by Jove, this appears to me quite an adventure."

And now the boy suddenly drawing himself up and compressing his lips, raised the basket of flowers, held them above the still untouched glass of lemonade, and offered bouquets to St. Asaph and Drummond.

"No, no," said Drummond, "you have done well enough by us already; you will make no more; so trundle, youngster."

"Juan want no money, señor has paid nobly; will the señors accept flowers?"

The basket was still over the glass of lemonade.

"No," the two said, and so sharply, that Fairhoe added, kindly:

"Why, what has the lad done that you should tongue him so heavily?"

"Boys are boys," said St. Asaph, "and are a nuisance—look out, or perhaps he may pick your pocket."

Suddenly the boy's eyes flashed angrily.

"I am no thief," he said, in wonderfully disinct English.

Then he dashed to the ground the money he had received.

His next act was to start away.

His next to return.

"Bless my soul, Fairhoe, why he has seized your glass—drop it, or you'll get more than you bargain for."

The glass was wrenched from the boy's hand, and once more set upon the table.

"Fate—fate!" shouted the boy, and turning, he sped away at an extraordinary swift pace.

"That's a queer young customer," said St. Asaph.

"More so than pleasant," replied Drummond; "going to smoke, Saphy?"

"Yes. What do you take after your chocolate?"

"Bran—cold, I think."

Now, while this uninteresting and thirsty interchange of words was passing between the two friends, Fairhoe fell into a dreamy, thoughtful state, which, in an ordinary way, was by no means characteristic.

And as though some cheering association between the boy and the glass before him had taken possession of his mind, he drew the tumbler toward him, and, as he looked at it with no set purpose, as far as he could afterward say, he fell into a strange train of thought relating to the resemblance of the boy's face to some unknown countenance in the long and almost forgotten past, which now, pale and dim, haunted the yachtsman's brain,

And with that strange industry in a small way, which we have all experienced when we have been very deep in thought, he took up his watch-chain at the end of which hung a number of ornamental trifles, and holding the whole above his glass, he let it swing backward and forward, after the manner of a clock pendulum.

To observe him, it might have been thought that his whole attention was devoted to the operation of making the oscillation of the watch-chain perfectly regular.

He himself, on the contrary, afterward declared that he had no memory of this act whatever, and that his first knowledge of what he was doing was when the discovery came upon them.

As the reader knows, it was dark. The café was lit about its façade, and was sufficiently brilliant, but the only light at the table occupied by the three friends was that afforded by the glimmer of the small lamp lighted for the convenience of smokers.

Twice or thrice St. Asaph or Drummond addressed Fairhoe, but so deep was his preoccupation that their words did not rouse him.

"Come, Fairhoe," at last said St. Asaph, "for the Lord's sake, wake up, man—here, have a cigar."

And so speaking, as St. Asaph held the cigar out with one hand, petulantly he struck a fusee with the other.

The sudden accession of light as the result of this action at once revealed the warning nature gave in one shape of her marvelous, obscure, but ever orderly, unyielding power.

The two men, St. Asaph and Drummond, very naturally had their eyes upon the swinging object which appeared to be engrossing Fairhoe's attention; and at the same moment all three men made the same discovery.

"Great heaven!" cried St. Asaph, "the gold is black."

A sudden, swift examination, proved that that portion of the chain and appendages which had been swinging over the lemonade was more or less black, those portions being blackest which had been nearest the liquor.

That part of the chain which had remained below the level of the glass had still all the appearance of gold.

For some moments neither guessed the truth.

St. Asaph was the first to find the clue.

"Why, can the lemonade be poisoned?"

St. Asaph covered the glass with his hat, called for a second service of lemonade, and waited.

Not a word further had been said when the second glass arrived. The waiter looked innocent enough; evidently he had not sufficient courage to be entrusted with an attempt upon life.

St. Asaph suspended his own chain over this second glass of lemonade.

No change in the gold.

He placed it in the liquor.

No change.

Then he held it over the first glass.

First grayish.

Then gray—dark gray.

Black!

Evidently the first glass of lemonade was in fault.

It was St. Asaph again who threw something like light upon the subject.

"Great heaven!" he cried, "the boy!"

"The boy!" shouted Fairhoe. "No, no, I can't believe it. He had an honest, earnest face. I'll not believe it."

"But remember, he only has approached the table. Recall that he held his basket over the glass when he offered us the flowers. He could have poisoned the liquid."

"Impossible!" cried Fairhoe; "my life on it the boy is pure and good-minded."

"But, if merely a street-boy, why did he throw down the money?"

"If merely a street-boy, why were his hands so white and delicate?"

"Recall the threat."

"Remember amongst how many a people we are."

"True, true," cried Fairhoe, "but the memory of the long since lost face haunts me. I cannot—I cannot believe the boy guilty. Again, what motive could he have?"

"Ha, I see you are determined to believe in his innocence. I will, therefore, only point out that at all events some one has a motive to destroy you, and the unknown has made his first attempt. At all events we are on our guard against a second."

### THE GREAT ABATTOIRS AT COMMUNIPAW.

GRADUALLY, and yet rapidly, while the political economists and the politicians are squabbling over the question of benefiting the public health, and adding to public decency by removing the slaughter-houses of New York from general view and the other general senses, common sense and moneyed enterprise are settling the whole matter; just as while the conflicting routes for the great Pacific Railroad seem to engross so much attention, as to make it doubtful whether it will ever be built at all, local necessity is all the while shortening the amount of road necessary to be built, by adding mile after mile at either end, so that by-and-by the road will be found to have actually built itself.

The admirable abattoir arrangements of the French metropolis, only partially taken hold of as yet by the enterprise of the English over the channel, seem likely to be caught here with much more readiness. One principle the French have established—that for the sake of both health and decency, and scarcely less for convenience and eventual profit, the slaughtering of cattle must be done out of town, and away at once from the centre of business and residence. Another point, too, they have indicated if not established, that erections for such purposes should to be made where the supply of water is continual and plentiful. So much known, our American *ingénieurs* can well supply the rest, and the Communipaw enterprise is the result. The marshes of Communipaw, below Jersey City, and fronting on Staten Island Sound and the Upper Bay, literally worthless for any other purpose except this and "docking out" to meet the wishes of the New Jersey Central Railroad Company, some time ago caught the practical eyes of persons interested, and an early result was the incorporation of the New Jersey Stock-Yard and Market Company by the Legislature of that State last winter. The secondary result was the completion of the Communipaw abattoirs and their formal opening on the 15th of October, though the work had been somewhat seriously delayed from the blowing down of the unfinished great sheds by one of our summer hurricanes. Though by no means in extent, what they will be at some early day, when the demand shows the necessity of further extension, the erections are even now stupendous in extent and heavy in cost, while there really seems to be that could be added in the way of convenience. Covered buildings are to be found by the ten acres, and we arranged yards by the twenty or thirty acres, while sewerage for the carrying off of dirty water and fetid substances is complete and thorough, and the arrangements for keeping cattle in comfort are much more careful than have before been known on this continent. Meanwhile, the whole work of slaughtering and preparing for market is arranged to be done by machinery, thus economizing time, labor and expense, and the facilities for throwing the product of the great slaughter-houses into market in good order are only exceeded by the arrangement which brings the un-slaughtered cattle from the Central Railroad cars to the place of their wholesale immolation. Added to all this, the grounds include an excellent hotel for drovers and others interested, and trying-houses for oil, tallow and lard, giving promise that one of the worst nuisances of the crowded city will soon be carried totally beyond its limits. It might be too much to say that the boast of the Yankee of his "mutton-machine," by which a sheep, thrown in, was immediately turned out in the shape of four quarters of roast mutton, a wool hat, a leather apron and a gross of bone buttons, is here exactly carried into effect; but certainly the celebrity of Cincinnati arrangements for hog-killing is imperiled from the completeness of the Communipaw cattle-slaughtering arrangements, and this when no enterprise is really in only its beginning.

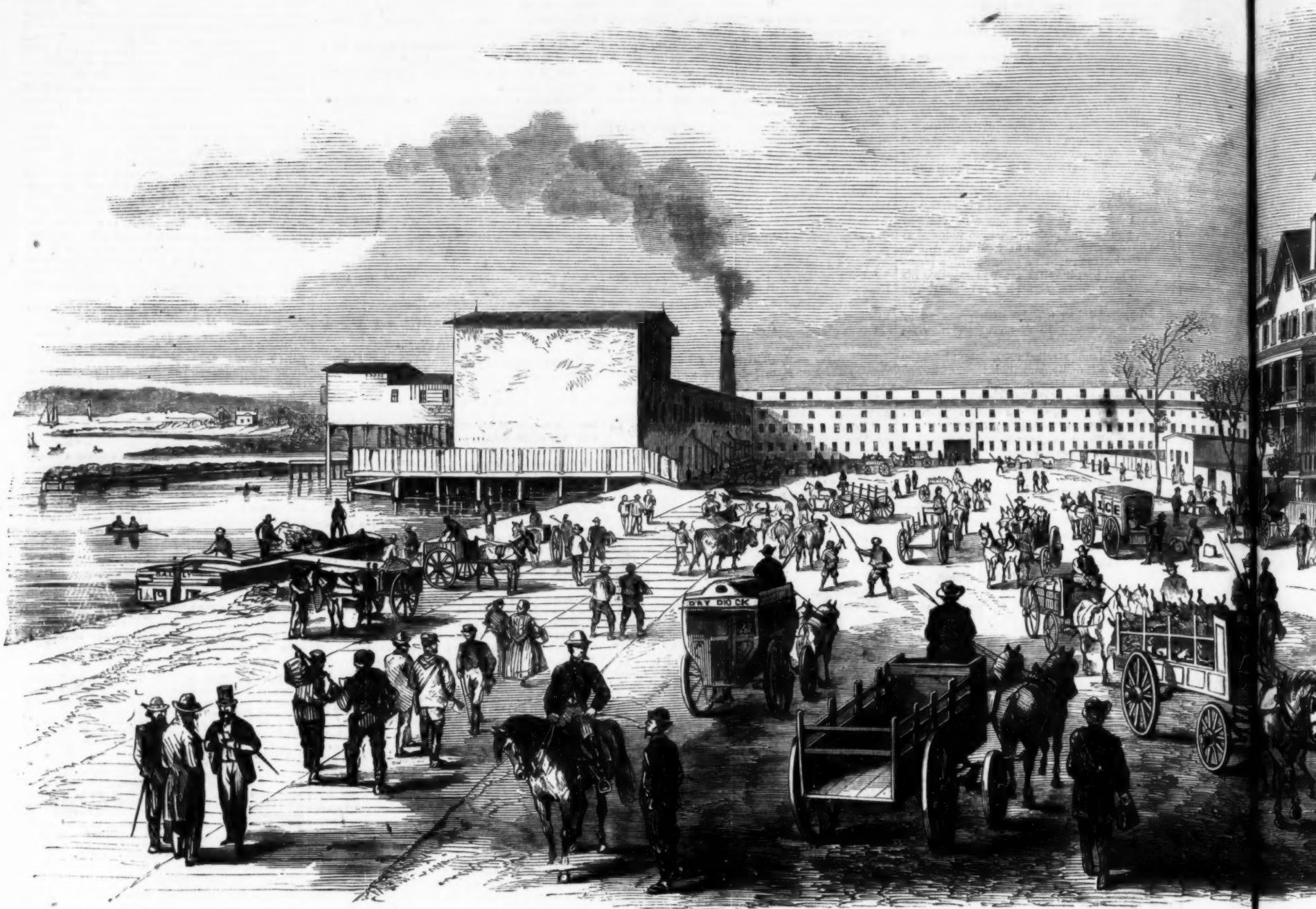
The leading persons in this great enterprise are said to be cattle-dealers of Chicago, interested in a better delivery of manufactured stock in the great Western market, with whom are associated prominent members of the New Jersey Central, the Pennsylvania Central, Fort Wayne and Chicago, and other railroads, all holding large interest in either transportation or delivery. They have certainly inaugurated an enterprise at once stupendous and necessary; and the result of it will no doubt be, at an early day, the duplicating of these abattoirs in other eligible quarters, or the enlarging of these until capable of supplying the whole demand; after which cattle will be slaughtered as well as purchased there, their meat brought to market ready dressed, all trying and hide-cleaning done there, and we shall hear no more of "bone-boiling," "fat-melting" and "slaughter-house" nuisances, or of the stern injunctions in the courts for removing or perpetuating them.

Our views of the abattoirs, this week, are three in number. The first, or larger, shows the fronts of the great slaughter-houses, with the hotel, the cattle-yards, etc. The second shows the rear of the establishment, with the facilities for bringing in the cattle; and the third indicates the very complete arrangements for bringing stock from the railroad to places of keeping or for slaughter. With these, and the facts already communicated, a pretty satisfactory idea may, at once be obtained of what is certainly one of the industrial features of the day, as well as an enterprise commanding itself to every sense of profit and propriety.

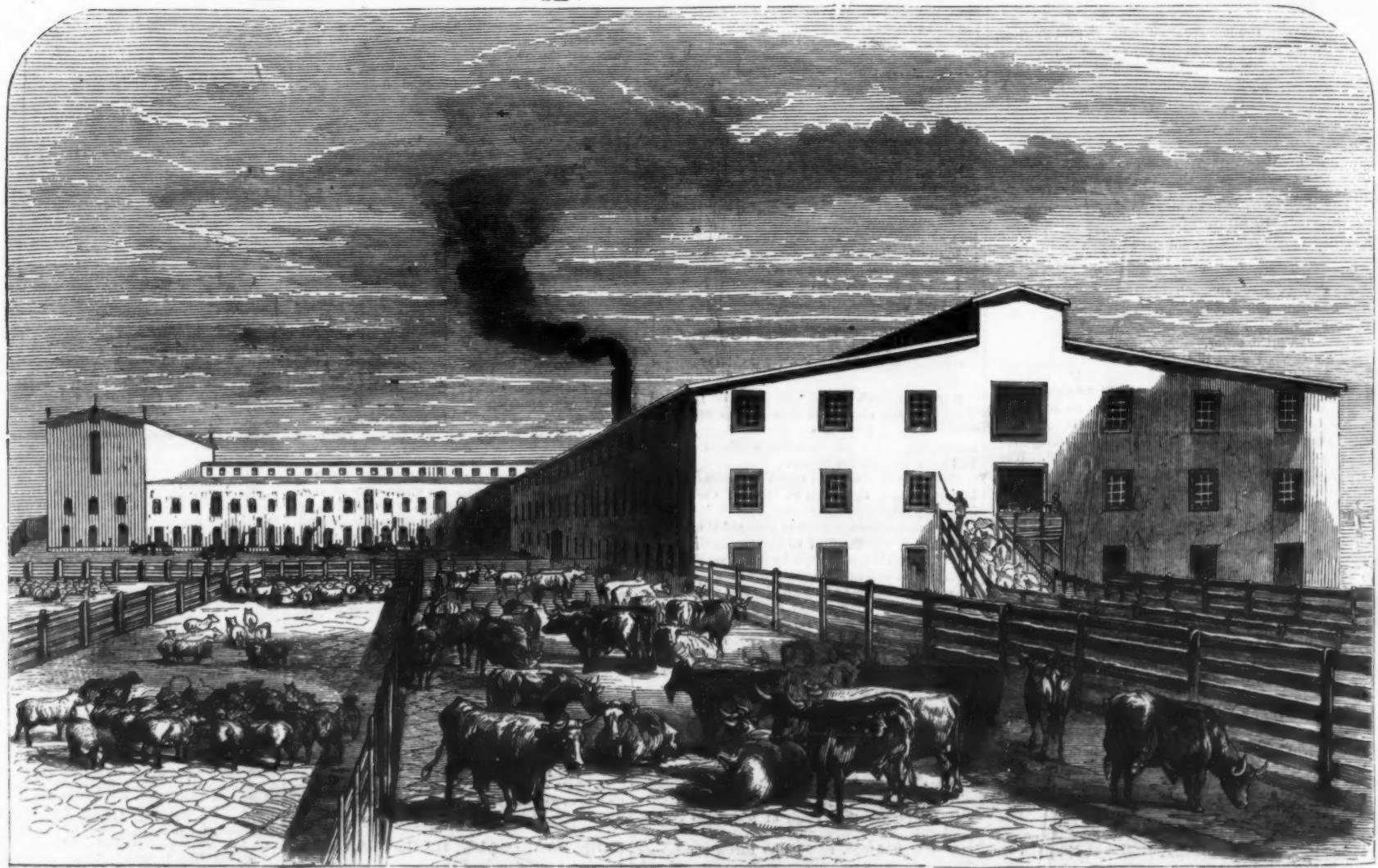
### OUR BASE-BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

The subject of our sketch this week is Mr. Frank Pigeon, the veteran player of the Eckford Club of Brooklyn, than whom no man in the fraternity in this vicinity is more respected. The Eckford Club is one of the oldest organizations

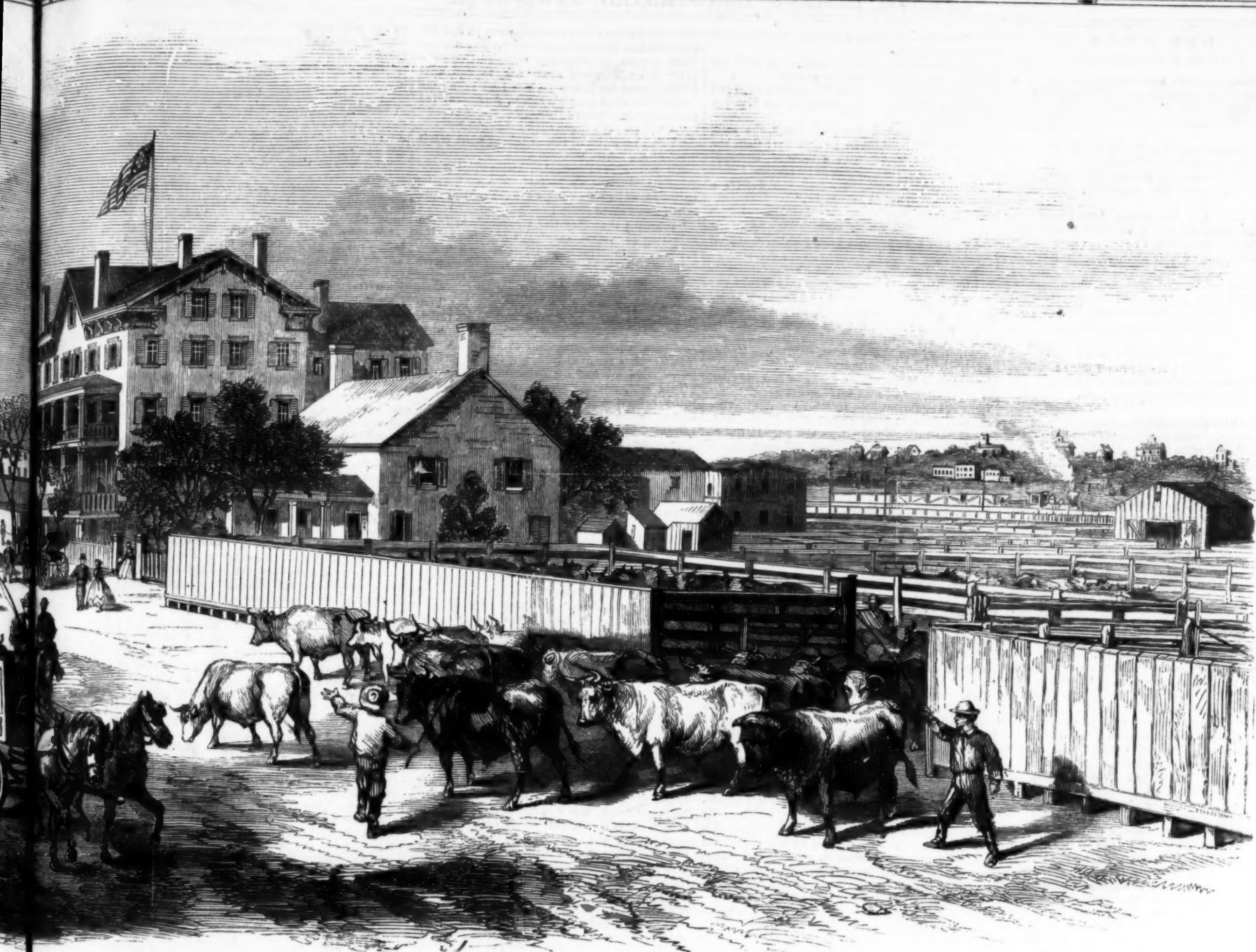
in the National Association, and for years has held high rank as one of the strongest playing clubs of the country, the Eckfords being the only club, except the Atlantics, who have ever been the champion club of the United States, they, for two years in succession, during '62 and '63—carrying the whip over their club banner, and achieving a success in the season of 1863 which no club before or since has ever equalled, for the Eckfords that year won every single game they played, first nine, second nine and amateur matches, defeating the Atlantics, Mutuals, Athletics and Unions, after each had defeated other strong clubs. The winter of 1863 however, saw more than half of their nine seceders from the club, and since then they have been unable to regain the championship laurels. The year 1864 #24 Bosch, of their nine, in the Athletic Club, Sprague, in the Atlantics, and two others—whose disgraced names we decline to print—in a New York club, while their strongest player, the jolly "Jimmy Wood," went to the West, and their catcher to the South, the champion nine of the Eckfords thereby being broken up. Next season, no doubt,



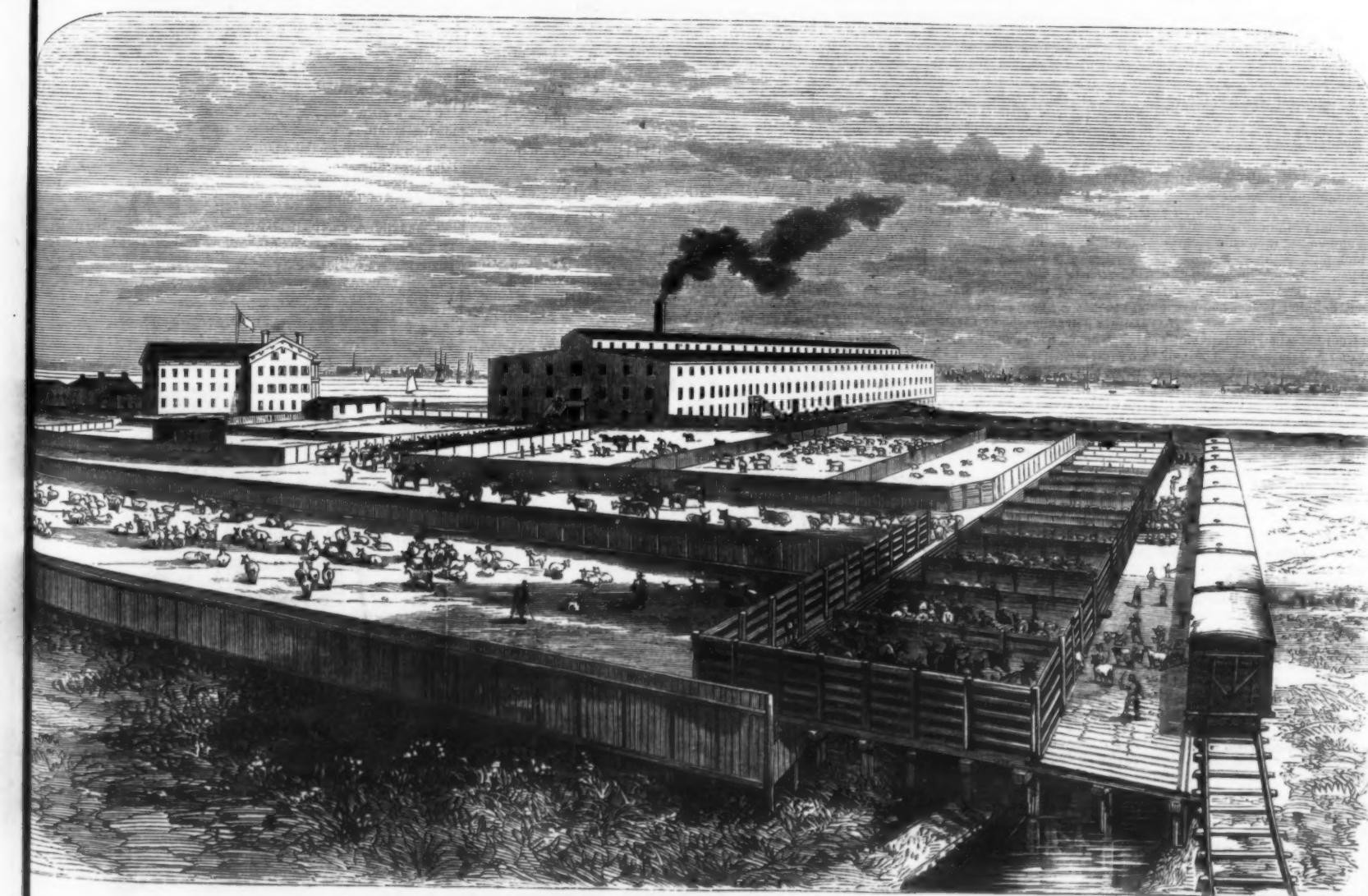
THE GREAT ABATTOIRS OR SLAUGHTER-HOUSES AT COMMUNIPAW, NEW JERSEY.



CATTLE YARDS IN THE REAR OF THE ABATTOIRS AT COMMUNIPAW.



COMMUNIPAW JERSEY CITY, OPENED ON THE 15TH OCTOBER.—SEE PAGE 135.



DISCHARGING CATTLE FROM THE RAILWAY TRAINS TO THE YARDS AT COMMUNIPAW.

## ONE LOOK.

BY R. C. SPENCER.

Your eyes, beloved! take their light away;  
Their buried splendor must not rise again—  
Sad eyes, too full of passion, full of pain—  
They bid me leave you, darling, if you stay!

I saw the color rise in each soft cheek,  
Then all as suddenly return to pale,  
As though the very crimson strove to speak,  
But dying, syllabled a longer tale.

The sad eyes say: "Fear not. I shall not start—  
I shall not beckon off your love from HER!—  
I shall not tremble and I shall not stir,  
Nor wither you by laying bare my heart!

"Close by two lovers I shall pass, nor weep  
To see her leaning on your faithless arm—  
Close as to hear your two hearts beat warm,  
And mine as cold as unawakened sleep.

"I shall not see her triumph; in her eyes  
I shall not trace a beauty never mine;  
I shall not curse her as I see her thine,  
Nor let my sorrow stifle your replies.

"But, ah! I shall remember, in the days  
That soon must follow, how our eyes have met—  
O God, how often!—how can I forget  
The eyes that looked into my burning face!"

Yes! I had killed my feelings; I had thought  
To sleep forever ere that day should come!  
But now we meet—your eyes to mine are brought,  
Love is not dead—it lives! Where is its home?

## THE FREAK OF A GENIUS.

V.—COMFORTING ONE ANOTHER.—(CONTINUED.)

The wound proved more serious than the doctor predicted, and kept Kent a prisoner for several weeks. Mrs. Chandos took possession of him, and made it quite impossible for him to lead the life of a recluse, as he persisted in trying to do for a time. The good lady had a motive for her devoted neighborliness, for though she knew very little of what had transpired between the four, she perceived that something was amiss, and fearing that St. George had, by offending his adopted father, endangered his inheritance, she endeavored to secure the fortune to the elder ward, lest the younger should lose it. Margaret had refused many fine offers, saying she loved her liberty too well to relinquish it for an establishment: but Margaret liked oddities, was more friendly with Kent than with any gentleman of her acquaintance, and Mrs. Chandos tried to improve this excellent opportunity by throwing the two as much together as English etiquette would permit. Kent was odder than ever during these weeks, sometimes genial and gentle, then, without apparent cause, suddenly becoming morose or melancholy, and now and then he vanished altogether, shutting himself "to romp about the house as if he was a raging sort of a ghost," as the housemaid said in confidence to Mills, who, of course, reported it to her mistress. At first Margaret laughed at his moods, and often rallied him out of them, but all at once, in a day, she changed entirely. A shy, deferential manner replaced her former free and frank demeanor. She met him now with averted eyes, yet often stole covert glances at him as if she found some new charm in that rugged face. She spoke of him to others with a certain proud humility which caused them to smile significantly as they went away. When he talked she listened intently, and often a quick rising light and warmth flashed over her face as if she caught or recognized some hidden trait, some suspected fact intelligible to her alone. And sometimes when St. George's name was mentioned she looked up at his picture with a glance in which pity, pain and exultation were curiously blended. These changes in the two much perplexed Mrs. Chandos, but hoping for the best, she wisely held her peace, and was a model chaperon.

Meanwhile letters from Paris had brought many alternations of hope and fear to the anxious pair at home. On this subject Kent and Margaret never differed, and being in the secret, were obliged to hold private conferences from time to time. St. George wrote but once, and then only on business to Kent. May wrote often and freely, but soon the lively accounts of a gay visit were accompanied by complaints of St. George's reckless mode of life, entreaties for advice, and longings to see "Greta and dear Kent."

"How long must we stay?" she asked, though the month was barely gone. "I'm wearying to get back, and never want to come again. At first it was charming, and I enjoyed everything. Now I am heartily tired, for Saint gives me no rest. He is kind, but so unnaturally gay he frightens me sometimes, and I keep with him as much as possible, for if he is alone he goes and plays with some dashing young Frenchman whom I do not like. I scold him, and beg him not to do it, but he only laughs and proposes some new gayety, to which I assent to keep him safe. It is all glitter and noise and hurry here, and I am worn out. I long for you and Fanfan, the quiet garden, and dear old Kent. Let me come soon or I shall be ill."

"What must we do?" asked Margaret, as she showed this letter to her friend.

"Wait a little, and if matters do not mend I will send you a place, sending her home to carry Saint away to Switzerland to cool his fever among the Alps."

"Are you not anxious about the gambling?"

"Not yet; he will soon tire of it, and the money is well spent if it teaches him a lesson. Leave him to me, and do you write a wise, kind letter to poor little madam."

"Will you add a line?" and Margaret stole a

look at him, wondering if he had begun to conquer his love yet."

"I have nothing to say, thank you. Give her my regards, and tell her to be patient."

The words were kind, but the manner calm and cool, and the absent expression of his face was most unlovelike.

"I never shall understand him," she said, petulantly to herself, as he left her; then she laughed, and added, with a tone of triumph. "Let him be as mysterious as he pleases, I shall find him out at last. No man can deceive a woman long, artful as he may be."

## VII.—A BUREAU.

ANOTHER week brought a letter which dismayed Margaret.

"I am so unhappy I must come home," it began. "I have begged Saint to go, but he will not; and when I proposed having you and Kent come over he was quite savage, and said, with a look that frightened me: 'When I am out of the way he may come and welcome; as for Margaret, she will not stir unless we are dying.' Oh, Greta! he is so strange, so unlike his former self, my heart is nearly broken. I begin to fear his mind is not right, for when he would not listen to my warnings against these bad Frenchmen, I lost my temper, and said I wished I'd never married him. Of course I didn't mean it, and he knew it, but he turned on me, looking so white and stern that I cried out as he said, in a way that haunts me now: 'I wish to God you never had!' Pray, pray, don't repeat this. I ought not to, but my heart is so full I must speak. It isn't the gambling or the hard things he says which trouble me most; it is the reckless life he leads. It will kill him if he does not stop, for he is not strong, you know. All day and night he hurries from one thing to another, without resting, till he is forced to stop against his will. He takes too much wine, to keep up his spirits, he says, and so it does for a time, but after being brilliantly gay he suddenly becomes so desperately melancholy, I'm almost afraid to leave him alone. He never loses his self-control or behaves like the young men after supper at our London parties; he's not foolish, nor dull, nor disagreeable, but really splendid, while the excitement lasts, and every one admires and seeks him and insists on having him at their dinners, balls and fêtes. He hates those things, yet he goes, and when I beg him not, he says he must, and rushes off with La Mene and Senerin, to be gone till morning. Your dear letters help me very much, but something must be done soon or it will be too late. I depend on you and Kent."

"Something shall be done," cried Margaret, decidedly; but as she rose to send for Kent, he entered, with an anxious face and a paper in his hand. Margaret's heart sank, for she saw it was a telegram, and seizing it, read eagerly these words, under St. George's address at Paris:

"May is sick. Come at once and bring Margaret."

"How soon can we go?" was all she said, with a glance at the clock.

"Not to-night, for no train leaves till six in the morning. We will take that and reach them to-morrow evening. Have you had a letter? May I see it?"

Forgetting May's caution, Margaret gave it to him, and a moment afterward was startled by a wrathful exclamation, which made her look up to see Kent's face pale with anger and wearing the remorseful expression which always appeared when May's unhappiness was spoken of.

"Hush! Don't speak to me now. I cannot bear it. Go and rest. I'll come for you early in the morning. Good night." And, throwing down the letter, he went away, leaving Margaret oppressed with a new and nameless anxiety.

In the gray dawn of a dull November morning they started, and, through all the discomforts of that hurried journey, Margaret was cheered and supported by the watchful kindness, the calm self-reliance of her companion. In busting stations, crowded trains, uncomfortable steamers and rattling cabs, the quick eye, helpful hand and cheery smile, were always ready for her service, and that hasty trip showed them, as it has many another pair, unsuspected traits of character and strengthened friendship by the trifling trials of a very unromantic day. The passage was tempestuous, and several delays belated them, so that it was eleven instead of seven when they reached the Grand Hotel at Paris. Upon making inquiries of the superb *garçon*, who came bowing into the saloon, whether the St. Georges might have retired, they were surprised to learn that monsieur was out.

"And madame, could she see her?"

"Madame was also out."

"Impossible; she was ill."

The polite creature was desolated to contradict monsieur, but, *en vérité*, madame was at the Opera with her husband.

Margaret looked at Kent, bewildered, but he only shook his head, and ordered the man to conduct them to Mr. St. George's *appartement*, where they would wait. An elegant saloon was shown them, and while Kent ordered supper, Margaret passed into the adjoining room, hoping to find some note or message from her sister. May's maid was gadding in the lower regions, instead of arranging the chamber, which still showed all the disorder of a hasty evening toilet. Not only did sad confusion reign, but Margaret discovered various things that troubled her more than finding satin slippers on the table, lace handkerchiefs on the floor, or open wardrobes, drawers and jewel-boxes. Empty bottles and cigar-ashes lay among the costly toys and rare engravings which littered the room; French novels peeped from under the sofa-cushions; play-bills, ball-books, notes of invitation and unpaid accounts, covered the writing-table; and, glancing into one of the latter, hoping to find a line for herself, Margaret was startled at its amount. Wax candles still flared unsmuffed on the toilet; rich dresses encumbered the chairs; all manner of gentleman's apparel

was tossed about in the dressing-room; a dull fire smoldered on the hearth, and everything was untidily elegant, comfortlessly splendid. With a heavy heart Margaret went back, to find Kent frowning over the names he was reading on the cards which filled the little salver. As she entered she heard him mutter to himself:

"A bad set; it's worse than I thought."

"I find no signs of illness there; what can it mean?" she asked, anxiously.

His face cleared instantly, and assuming the grave yet cheerful air he had worn all day, he answered, as he rolled a chair to the table, where refreshment stood ready:

"It means that May has recovered, and, not expecting us so soon, they have gone out for the evening. Now come and eat; you need it, and must not forget yourself entirely. I've sent for the maid, and while we wait we can question her."

Margaret obeyed, for in Kent's manner there was a gentle authority which she could not resist. Presently a coquettish dame appeared, full of apologies, compliments, and explanations, but from her they received little intelligence or comfort. Madame had been somewhat indisposed with a cold, nothing serious, and had gone out without leaving any message for monsieur or mademoiselle, whose arrival would be such a charming surprise.

They had not been expected, then? Had nothing been said of the telegram or their possible arrival?

"Nothing by madame; and if she had known, she would certainly have spoken of it when Hortense was arranging her ravishing toilet that evening."

Quite at a loss to understand the matter, Margaret dismissed the maid to set her mistress's room in order, and resigned herself to patient waiting, while Kent wandered about the room, and both paused in their fitful talk to listen whenever a carriage drove into the courtyard. The clock was on the stroke of twelve as St. George's voice was heard singing the drinking-song from "Lucretia," as he came along the passage. The door was impatiently flung open, and he came in with May leaning weakly on his arm. Both started and stopped short on the threshold when they saw those two familiar figures before them. In that brief pause Kent and Margaret had time to see how sadly the two young creatures had changed in those few weeks. May was pale and thin, and in her innocent eyes there was an anxious, frightened look, as if some dread, unseen but ever present, oppressed her. Her gay costume, in the height of the fashion, with all its costly and fanciful decorations, was a striking contrast to the former sweet simplicity which once made her doubly lovely and betrayed a perfect taste.

In St. George's handsome, haggard face the alteration was more marked. It was flushed with a hectic color, his eyes were feverishly bright, his hair disordered, as if by frequent pushing off his hot forehead; the voice which sang the bacchanalian song had lost its freshness, and, in spite of youth, beauty, and the grace which was too natural to be lost, he looked like a reckless, weary, miserable man. He was the first to speak, and with a mocking laugh he advanced, saying coolly:

"I thought that message would bring you, though not quite so soon. You are very welcome."

He offered his hand to Margaret, looking at her half-tenderly, half-defiantly; but she took no heed of him, for, with a cry of joyful surprise May had run into her arms, and clung there, sobbing hysterically, as she cried:

"Oh, Greta, now I am safe! Did my letter make you come?"

"Yes, my darling; but the telegram hurried us off at once."

"What telegram?" asked May, looking bewildered.

"That which Saint sent, telling us you were ill."

"But I'm not ill! Why did you do it? Is it true?" and May turned toward her husband, who, with a nod to Kent, had withdrawn to the hearth, where he stood lounging against the low chimney-piece, with the defiant expression plainer than before.

"I said you were sick, and you are—homesick. I did it because I'm tired of being tormented about the matter, and it is as true as anything is about me."

The explanation was made in such a singular tone that no one answered for a moment; then May turned to Kent, like a child to its father, and said, as he pressed the little hand she gave him:

"We can't get on without you, so you must take charge of us again, for we are nothing but a pair of children."

"I will certainly take charge of you, my child—"

Kent got no further, for St. George broke in with a haughty:

"Thank you; but you forget that I am a man now, and can take care of my wife as well as myself."

"Prove it, and I will resign my authority. This does not look like it," and he pointed to May, who leaned weakly against her sister with tears still shining on her cheeks.

"You sent us away to be merry and forget; we have done our best to do the impossible, so you must blame only yourself for the changes you see," was St. George's careless reply, though his eyes turned reproachfully on Margaret.

Anxious to end the scene for poor worn-out May, Kent begged Margaret to take her away to rest, leaving him to tell St. George the plan they had arranged.

Margaret gladly complied; and with a whispered entreaty not to be severe with Saint, and a timid "Good-night, dear," to her husband, May went into her room to pour out all her woes and cry like a broken-hearted child. As the door closed behind them, St. George lighted a cigar, seated himself astride of a chair, and leaning his arms

on the back, looked at Kent with an expression of mingled shame and defiance, saying, as he nodded coolly:

"Now, then, I'm ready to hear what you have to say."

"Very little; but first, let me ask if you intend to continue this reckless course of life?" asked Kent, mildly.

"No; I'm tired of it, and it's a failure."

"What will you do then?"

"One of two things—blow my brains out, or get a divorce."

"Good God, boy! what do you mean?" ejaculated Kent, aghast at the desperate look and tone which accompanied the determined words.

"Exactly what I say. I am miserable, and so is May; it is useless to drag on in this wretched way, and I cannot bear it much longer. It must end somehow, I care little which way, so long as I am free. I've suffered enough for my folly; May will be happy if I'm out of the way, and Margaret—"

He stopped abruptly, and smoked in fierce silence, lest he should betray how much he felt. Deeply grieved and alarmed at the state in which he found him, Kent did his best to calm and cheer the unhappy young man, but all his efforts failed. St. George was by turns excited, reckless and morose; he rejected all plans, refused all counsel, renounced all hope of happiness, and begged to be left to go to ruin as he would.

For an hour they talked, and when Margaret appeared, saying that May slept at last, Kent whispered to her:

"I can do nothing with him; will you try?"

"Yes," was the unhesitating reply.

"Then I leave you while I go to order rooms, and will return presently."

With that Kent went away, and Margaret stood a moment looking at St. George. He still sat as he had placed himself when she left the room, but the cigar was out, the defiant face hidden on his arm, and not a word greeted the new comer. Something in his attitude, his silence, touched Margaret, and remembering May's tearful entreaty not to be severe, her heart softened, and pity replaced anger. Going to him, she softly laid her hand on his bent head, and said, in her gentlest tone:

"Dear Saint, what can I do for you?"

"You might have done everything—now it is too late," was the answer, in a half-stifled voice, for the speaker did not lift his head.

"It never is too late to do one's duty. It is mine to be a sister to you, and I shall try to do it faithfully. You once gave me leave to care for you: may I try again?"

"Why did you stop—tell me that?"

Here he looked up with all his love eloquently written in his face. The color rose to Margaret's forehead, but her eye met his, clear and steadfast, and her tone was full of dignity as well as pity.

"I stopped for May's sake; now I begin again for yours. You are my brother, your peace and happiness are dear to me as well as hers, and I long to help and comfort you."

"There is but one way, and that is impossible," began St. George, taking her hand with an ardent glance.

Still calm and kind, but colder in manner, and more resolute in tone, Margaret drew away her hand and answered, with her steady eyes looking full into those passionate ones of his:

"There are two ways—one wrong and impossible, the other right and easy. You will choose the last. Nay, I'll not hear you; I am the one to speak, you to listen and obey."

"I will listen; speak, Greta," he said, leaning his head on his arm with a weary sigh.

"In a few days I shall take May home to England for rest and quiet. You and Kent will go to Switzerland for a little trip, or to Italy if you prefer it. All of us are better apart just now; time and absence work great changes, and when we meet again we shall all be stronger, wiser, happier I hope. This is the best plan we can devise; Kent proposes it, I approve, May consents, and you will agree also, will you not?"

"No," was the brief, stern answer.

"What is to

She would have turned and left him then, but he threw himself down before her, and clung to her with the entire abandon of a boy, exclaiming, imploringly :

" No, no, it shall never be so! I am weak and wicked, but you can save me. Don't cast me off, Margaret; think how young, how miserable, and undone I am. Save and help me; I'll be docile to you, only do not desert and scorn me, for in all the world you are the only creature whose respect and love I care for."

" You promise to obey me, Saint? to win my respect, keep my love, rouse my confidence and admiration by bravely doing your duty?" she asked, as she looked down at the beautiful despairing face upturned to hers.

" Yes, I promise anything! I will be as wax in your hands, and become a hero for your sake. You have said 'Keep my love,' and that makes me strong and happy, though I know it is not love like mine," he cried, kissing with ardent lips the hands he held.

" The first command I give is, that you never speak of love to me, nor show it. This insult to myself is also a wrong to May, and I forbid it. Stand up and bear yourself like a man, or I will go."

He rose at once and stood opposite, flushed and excited, but obedient to the one voice which could control him. Margaret felt a strong desire to relent and comfort the poor boy, weak and willful as he was, so beseeching were the eyes fixed on her own, so full of love and longing the face he showed her as he said humbly:

" What next, Greta?"

" Comply with Kent's desire, and go away with him for a time."

" If you bid me I will." There was a treacherous tremor in St. George's voice and he clinched his hands as if the words cost him a sharp pang.

A glad, approving smile shone on him as Margaret offered her hand with the gracious gesture which made the act in her doubly cordial.

" Thanks! now you are the man I thought you, now I feel that May's future is not wrecked and that I may still love and respect my brother. Go and rest; to-morrow we will arrange our plans. Dear Saint, good-night!"

He answered not a word, but laid his face down on the beloved hand with an irrepressible sob, for with a poet's gift, he had also a poet's temperament, sensitive, impulsive and feminine. Deeply touched, Margaret smoothed the thick, disordered locks from his forehead with a caressing touch, and as he lifted his head as if disdaining to hide his grief, she said, with tears in her own soft eyes:

" Remember, even when this mood is past, that I have received your promise, and I am sure you will keep it faithfully!"

" I will forfeit my life if I break it," was the answer given in solemn earnest, as they parted.

#### VIII.—LOCKED IN AND FOUND OUT.

KENT and Margaret were much surprised at the change in "the children," as they called the young pair, for when they met the next morning, though both looked pale and worn-out, both were very quiet, very docile and grateful. May's first words were :

" It is all arranged, Greta. Saint told me about it, and we both agree. I shall miss him dreadfully; but he needs a change, and I need rest, so we will go away in opposite directions with our kind guardians, like truants tired of having their own way. Won't we, dear?"

" Yes, it shall be as Kent says," returned St. George, with all his former deference of manner, and a glance that mutely asked pardon for past disrespect.

Arrangements were soon made for the temporary separation, and after several hours of amicable discussion, St. George and May drove out to pay parting calls, Kent went to the banker's, and Margaret, taking a book, strolled away into the garden of the Tuilleries. By noon the sun shone warmly, the gay place was full of pretty children, coquettish maid-servants, and loungers of all kinds. Choosing a quiet, sunny nook, Margaret read the book which never failed to charm and absorb her with an ever new delight, and was sitting quite unconscious of time or place, when a shadow falling on the page made her look up, to see Kent standing before her.

" What author has the happy power of engrossing you so entirely, and calling up such a smile?" he asked, as he lifted his hat with his own peculiarly charming smile.

Silently returning his salutation, she turned the book so that he could see its title, and looked up at him with the moved expression still in her face. He glanced at it, said, "Fortunate St. George," and abruptly changed the subject by asking, as he pointed to the towers of Notre Dame, visible through the leafless trees:

" Have you ever seen the wonders of that place?"

" No; I have often longed to do so; for when we were here last year, Mr. Chandos said the towers were not worth seeing, so I let them go."

" It is too cool for you to sit here long; shall we go and hunt up Quasimodo's haunts among the roofs of Notre Dame?" he asked, persuasively.

" With pleasure," and rising, Margaret walked away beside him, looking as if his presence brought her rest and peace.

At the church they fortunately found a party just going up, and joining it, followed the guide up the winding stairs, through mysterious little doors, along dizzy galleries, and out upon airy balconies, from whence they looked down upon the great city and its environs. Coming to the highest tower of all, they lingered to examine the quaintly carved saints that adorn the pinnacles, and to watch the flocks of doves sunning themselves in the niches and along the roof. The party went on, but these two forgot to follow at the time, and when at length they prepared to descend, the door was locked. In vain Kent knocked and called; no one was within hearing, and mocking echoes alone answered.

" What shall we do?" asked Margaret, looking anxious.

" We must wait till we are missed by the guide, or till another party comes up. It is just the time for sight-seers, and we shall soon be released. Meanwhile, let us enjoy ourselves over this wonderful view."

His quiet way of taking it reassured Margaret, and for half an hour an interesting and animating chat was easily sustained. An unfortunate look destroyed the calm of the *lède-à-lède*. Margaret was standing in an angle of the tower, looking far away with the bright, rapt look which one often wears when gazing on some limitless scene. Her bonnet was off, and her hair, a little loosened by the wind, was blown back from her face, showing all its delicate, decided outlines, and enhancing its soft tints; Kent, standing near, looked not at the landscape, but at her, with an expression betraying something warmer and deeper than mere admiration. A sudden consciousness of his fixed regard made Margaret turn quickly to see and wonder at the look. She averted her eyes at once, and Kent colored with the deep flush she had seen before. Neither spoke for an instant; then Margaret, with a woman's tact, opened the book still in her hand, and said, simply :

" Please read the beautiful passage which describes a scene something like this. I never fully appreciated its power before."

She gave the book, and when he fumbled over the leaves, turned at once to the page, with a peculiar glance, half-mischivously, half-timid. He obeyed her, and she listened still with that odd look, but when he paused, she said, laughing :

" You don't read as well as Saint, and poets seldom read their own poems well, which makes his skill more remarkable."

One would think they would read their own things better than another. Which is your favorite bit here?" answered Kent, slowly turning the pages, without looking up.

" I like them all; the book has but one fault in my eyes."

" Ah, and what is that, pray?"

She looked at him an instant with a curious mixture of daring and hesitation in her face, then gently retook the book, drew out a pencil, wrote two words on the title-page, and handed it back, saying, significantly :

" Now it is as true as it is beautiful, and perfect in all respects."

He looked, started, turned pale and stood dumb, though all he saw was his own name written over St. George's, which was crossed out with a decided stroke. Margaret watched him with increasing certainty as she saw his discomposure. Not a word did he speak, and, laying her finger on the words, she made him look at her and answer her question instantly :

" There must be truth between us two, for May's sake, if no more. Tell me, am I not right?"

" Yea."

She clapped her hands with a delighted gesture, and laughed out like a girl, as she said, gayly :

" I knew it! Oh, Kent, how could you deceive us all? How could you let another claim your honors, wear your laurels, and usurp your place in people's hearts? Confess it all now. I've guessed so much you cannot hide the rest, and I will promise to keep the secret, if you say so."

Believed and yet distressed, Kent flung the book away, and walked hastily round the tower before he answered. Coming back, he resumed his place, saying, frankly, though he still wore the look of a detected school-boy :

" I will confess, for you must not blame Saint. But first tell me why you suspected this, and how, in heaven's name, you discovered it?"

" I can hardly say how the suspicion came; something in your face suggested it vaguely the first time I saw you, and I thought to myself: 'He looks more like the writer of that strong book than the boy.' It was only a passing fancy, but it returned again and again after I knew you both, for Saint, though poetical, is not a poet. He has talent, but no genius. The night he read me his—your last book, I felt sure it was not his, or, if he wrote it, that you had retouched and refined it as you only could. In it, as in Saint's conversation, I detected your modes of expression, your style of thought, your depth and power of feeling, and sundry little tests convinced me that you were the author. A week ago Fanfan came frisking in with a bit of paper in her mouth. She often steals and destroys notes, so I took it away to see if it was of any value. It proved to be a bit from one of Saint's letters to you, and was something like this :

" On looking over the MS., I am disgusted with the passages which you made me put in that I might have some claim to it. I've taken them out, and you must restore the original that it may be perfect, at least as perfect as it can be while our compact lasts."

" Hang the dog; why couldn't she choose some safer scrap from my waste paper-basket, or take it to any one but you!" exclaimed Kent, angrily, yet laughing in spite of himself at the odd fashion of the betrayal.

" Bless the dog! it was a splendid hit of instinct, and I have petted the little heart half to death by way of proving my gratitude. Don't frown, Kent; it was to be; you may hide your true self from all the world, but not from me."

" Yes, I begin to think so, and you must pay the penalty of your acuteness by learning what a hypocrite and coward I am. I'll tell the tale as briefly as I can. Five or six years ago I came home from weary wandering over the face of the earth; I wanted a home, but had none; I longed for a friend, yet not one who called himself so could be to me as near and dear as the companion I desired. I could not marry, having vowed never to be repulsed again, and only a woman whom I respect can I love, so no tie was possible to me but the wedlock I had renounced. Just then I found Saint, and my heart was drawn to him at once, for when a boy I hoped and suffered as he did, but fortune came to me, and I was spared his last desperation. I saw his talent; enjoyed his beauty; pitied his friendlessness, and loved him like a son, for he was grateful and affectionate. I said, 'Why not live again in this boy? my wealth, experience and power give me no happiness; for I ask more, and fate denies it to me. Lend my good gifts to the boy, and let his life be what I would have had myself. He has youth, beauty, ambition and some power; help him up, and in return for all I give he will love me as I would be loved.'"

" And you did it?" said Margaret, with beaming eyes and glow of admiration on her face.

" Yes; I tried not to be selfish, but when the boy was so docile, fond and dear to me, I felt as if I did not give enough. At first I had no thought of the literary deceit; it came about in the simplest way. Saint wrote poems, and had tried to publish them; they were sweet, but weak, and failed. As a boy I wrote also, and once in running an old chest of papers I came upon my verses and tossed them to Saint to laugh over. Since my last love I had given up all ambitious hopes, and wrote no more. But in those boyish ditties Saint found much to envy and admire, and begged me to publish them. I refused, of course; 'Then I shall,' said he, in his willful way."

" Put your own name to them if you do," was my answer, thinking the whole thing a joke, " May I?" he asked. " You don't care for fame, and you throw these away as worthless; but I long for it; I see more power in these than any I

can ever write; why not let me arrange and try them in my name, taking the consequences, whatever they may be." I asserted, fancying he would soon tire of the freak; but he did not; the book came out, and to my utter amazement Saint was famous. The deceit troubled me then; not that I cared for the fame; to that he was heartily welcome; but I felt guilty of double-dealing, yet could not confess without harming the boy."

" You were right," began Margaret, eagerly.

" Is this a deceit which you can forgive?" asked Kent, with a touch of malice in his tone.

She remembered her own words and blushed, but said, honestly :

" Yes, I can; though I think it will yet bring you into trouble, and you will have to atone for it, generous as it is."

" I have already," he said, very low, adding, in his former tone, " Saint was so delighted with success, and enjoyed it so intensely, I made up my mind to say nothing. It was my own affair, and I alone had a right to complain. He more than repaid any loss of reputation as a poet by making me happy as a man. He hungered and thirsted after praise, I cared nothing for it, and having promised to make his fortune, I would keep my word. For a year he revelled in the position he had longed for, yet never hoped to win so soon, and I endeavored to cultivate and strengthen his powers for a genuine work. But success spoiled him; the talent which poverty might have forced into real genius is weakened by wealth, and I find he is content with this cheap victory. It is my fault; I made him what he is, and I must endeavor to repair my mistake."

For several minutes both stood busied with many thoughts, sweet as well as bitter; Margaret broke the silence :

" And the new book which you wrote while we played, and which Saint copied that it might seem his, will that appear in his name also?"

" I cannot tell; I did my best to have at least a part of it his own, but he rejects that and will have all mine. When the first one came out, we made a mutual promise that neither would betray the other, and if I own this book I shall betray Saint, for the style is the same. I have begged him to put it by and write one himself, but he reminded me that by allowing the first fraud I had committed myself and could not recede without breaking my word. He is so miserable just now, and the fault is mine, so I leave him to do as he will, for if it give him any comfort, or May any pleasure, I am content to bear the blame."

" But do you really care nothing for fame?

Does it give you no pleasure to hear your work commended, and to see respect and admiration in the faces of those whose opinion you value?"

" I care very little for the world's praise; it does please me to know that my work is liked, and sometimes I do desire to take a small share of the respect of some whose commendation is very dear to me."

As he spoke regretfully and turned to her with that look again visible in his face, Margaret felt her heart beat fast, and said within herself, "Can it be that Kent loves me?" Abruptly as before he walked round the tower, tried the door, and came back again to be led into another unexpected confession.

" At what hour do we start to-morrow?" asked Margaret, feeling that the last was not a safe subject to dwell upon.

" At noon, so that you may reach home the day after. The Winthrop's go there, and they will devote themselves to you."

" Is everything ready? I have fallen into an indolent habit of leaving my affairs to you. Is there nothing for me to do before we part?"

" Yes, one thing, and this is perhaps as good a time as any for me to speak of it." Kent looked ill at ease, but being a man to face disagreeables manfully, he dashed into the subject at once:

" Just before we left home Albany gave me a commission which the sudden journey prevented my executing. It was not to my taste, but I felt for him, and thinking I might spare him pain or you annoyance, I undertook it. He desired me to ask you if there was any hope for him."

" None," was the prompt reply.

" I feared so," and Kent sighed.

" Why say fear?" she asked, sharply.

" Because I saw his love and know how hard it is to find it hopeless."

Angry with herself because her eyes filled and her voice shook, Margaret said, hastily :

" He does me much honor, I thank him, but it is impossible to make any return; I have no heart to give him. Please tell him so."

" No heart to give him—is it lost?" and Kent looked at her with a searching glance, as if eager to learn whether the words were merely a form of speech or a truth. Margaret's cheeks burned and her eyes fell, but she answered truly at any cost:

" Yes," then added rather haughtily, " Tell Mr. Albany also, the next time he woos a woman, not to do it by proxy!"

" He was timid, poor fellow, humble in his own conceit, and fearful of seeming presumptuous," said Kent, still eying her with that keen glance.

" A man should not be timid nor humble at such a time; if his love is true and deep, it is an honor to bestow it, and a woman respects courage at all times. If he love, say so manfully, and bear the answer bravely."

" I will. Margaret, I love you—will you be my wife?"

As Kent spoke out with sudden fire and force, and offered her his hand, Margaret was so surprised at his promptitude in taking her at her word, that she stood speechless and half-bewildered, though her heart leaped within her at the words he uttered. Straight and strong he stood before her, steadily he looked into her eyes, and softly, slowly, he repeated :

" Margaret, I love you—will you be my wife?"

" With all my heart!" and as the answer broke from her lips, Margaret put one hand into his, and with the other hid her face, for tears broke forth against her will. Very few fell, for Kent drew her to him, and turning the shy face to his, asked eagerly with such intense joy, gratitude and love in his own, that she could not hesitate to answer :

" Greta, is it true? I never dared to hope,

never thought of speaking till you made me forget

everything but the desire of my life. Do you

really mean it? is it possible that you can love me,

old, ugly, odd and faulty as I am?"

She turned on him a face full of a happiness, a humility he could not doubt, and answered with the perfect frankness which was her chief charm to him :

" I do love you truly, tenderly, Kent. To me

you are not ugly, old, faulty nor odd, but all that

I respect, admire and value in a man. I loved

you long before I knew it, and only lately have I

guessed why I was happiest with you. I did not

dream that you could care for me, though I once



THE VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE AT POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SLEE BROS., POUGHKEEPSIE.

**THE VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE,  
AT POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.**

NEARLY an entire page of illustration, in our present number, is devoted to the above-named meritorious institution, to its public-spirited founder, and some of the buildings, beyond the college proper, which give it character and completeness. Not less interesting than the views of the collegiate buildings—perhaps first in interest, of all—is the portrait of Mr. Matthew Vassar, a gentleman long known throughout America for his celebrity in the manufacture of ale, taking rank with the very best of foreign production, and who bids fair, through this extensive and most liberal benevolence, to become equally well-known, over America as well as by foreign nations, as a discriminating benefactor of his kind.

The Vassar Female College stands upon the delightful high grounds of Dutchess County, some two miles from Poughkeepsie, and in nearly a north-eastern direction from the city; the location being such that from the upper portion of the building the Hudson and the magnificent distant Catskills and hills of Ulster form splendid middle distance and background to the picture presented. In extent the buildings command attention, not only from their size but from peculiarities of construction which make them specially interesting to the traveler. The main edifice has the immense length of five hundred feet, with a depth of one hundred and seventy, and is modeled upon the plan of the Palace of the Tuilleries, Paris, with the chateau roof and Mansard windows which so peculiarly mark the French style. Somewhat higher, this edifice would be very imposing; as it is, the effect is low, but the extent conveys a very proper idea of the immense accommodation afforded, and only severe architectural students are likely to fault the few details at variance with the splendidly odd original. Space would not permit us to point out the various features of "modern improvement" introduced into this building, and making it one of the most complete in the world of its kind: enough to indicate that it is thoroughly ventilated and warmed throughout, on the most approved systems, so that fire is needed but in few places in the building; that it is supplied with water from one of the pure highland lakes; that the erection is as nearly fire-proof as possible; and that, in the interior arrangements, while all the details of instruction have, of course, been first looked to, particular attention seems to have been paid to those scarcely less necessary details connected with the comfort and elegance of residence.

The first of the two other buildings given in our views is the riding-school, one hundred by sixty, with stable-room for twenty-four horses, and facilities for the thorough practice of equitation, and with a gymnasium also attached, where that necessary branch of modern education, the

purely physical, is also to receive due attention. The building remaining is the observatory, a most commodious erection, with the incalculable advan-

say of the faculty, that in the opening, which took place during the late summer, the Presidency of the College was assumed by Dr. Raymond, a

in the college, in the person of Miss Avery, thus removing one of the otherwise inevitable awkwardnesses of such an institution; and that under the extensive remaining faculty every department of instruction, from chemistry to art, and from philosophy to music, seems to be placed with excellent judgment at the disposal of the participants in this new privilege.

For, let it be understood, in speaking of Mr. Vassar as a "benefactor," we have by no means intended to indicate that he has founded a "charity." His enterprise has done better—furnished what the girls of America before lacked—a college, where they can receive such instruction as was heretofore only vouchsafed to their brothers and expectant husbands, with Harvard, Yale and Columbia open before them. There is to be a fund for meritorious pupils, and no doubt, free scholarships may be introduced by-and-by; but as a general rule ordinary payment is expected, and the pupils will be at once relieved from the shiftlessness and the degraded feeling of "charity students."

Mr. Vassar, whose personal life has been a merited success, has certainly done a great work for female education in the founding of this college; and neither the merit nor the interest is detracted from knowing that the idea may have been derived from his English brother-in-law, Mr. John Guy, of Guy's Hospital—and that the words of a favorite niece, since deceased, made a deep and lasting impression upon the man looking about for a channel of doing good to his kind: "Uncle Matthew, do make some provision for a girls' school!" If intelligence and education form the "light of the world," and if the future mothers of the land are to shape its destiny, as so often alleged—Matthew Vassar will be found to have done no small work for future ages, and the Vassar Female College may well and long rear its head as his best monument.

**CYCLOPEAN WALLS**

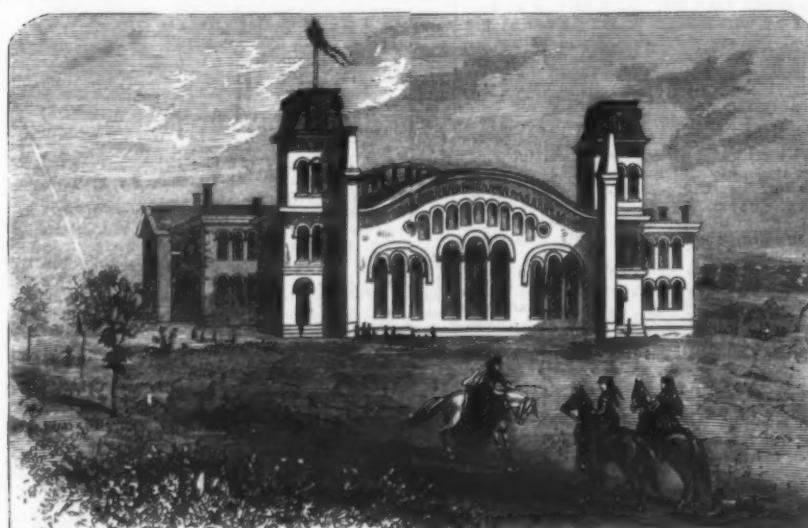
Of the Palace of the Inca Rocca, Cuzco, Peru.

The section of the cyclopean wall which supports the terrace on which stands the remains of the palace of the Inca Rocca, in Cuzco, Peru, is from a photograph by Honorable E. G. Squier, late Commissioner of the United States in Peru, and forms one of the illustrations of his forthcoming work on that country. We subjoin Mr. Squier's description:

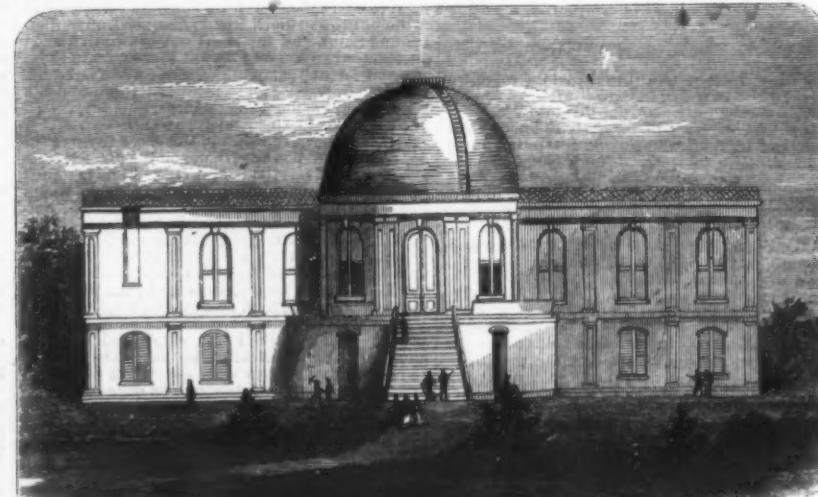
"Among the secondary objects of interest in the old Inca capital of Cuzco, are the remains of the palace of the Inca Rocca, celebrated for his exertions in educating the Peruvian youth of noble caste. He founded the *Yachahuasi* or Houses of Teaching, on the banks of the rivulet of Tullamayo, now called the Rodadero, where

age of having so thorough an astronomer as Miss Maria Mitchell in charge of that department of instruction. We have only additional space that a regularly educated female physician resides

MATTHEW VASSAR, ESQ.



THE RIDING SCHOOL ATTACHED TO THE VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.



THE OBSERVATORY OF VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

their extensive remains still attest his munificence. He further embellished the quarter of his capital in which the schools or colleges were built with what the chroniclers call, and what its ruins prove it to have been, 'a sumptuous palace,' which was his favorite residence. It was separated from the Houses of Teaching by a narrow street, now called Calle del Triunfo—for it was in this street that the Incas suffered their final repulse at the hands of the Spaniards.

"The ground slopes from the centre of the city to the rivulet of the Rodadero, and so in order to obtain level area for his palace and its courts, the Inca built up a terrace, supported by massive stones, 220 feet long by 180 broad, and on its lowest side about thirty feet high. These stones, most of which remain in place, and are as firm as when first put together, are of green syenite, and excessively hard. They are all slightly bevelled or rounded on their face, and appear to have been worked into shape by a pick, and somewhat resemble what we call 'rustic work.' The joints, however, are cut with the greatest precision. The blocks are of almost all shapes and sizes, presenting numerous curves and angles, but all fitting closely into each other, after the style known as cyclopean."

"The stones composing the walls of the palace proper, however (portions of which are still standing), are of brown trachyte, regular rectangles in shape, and accurately and beautifully cut and laid. This trachyte was brought from the quarries near Andahuylillas, ten leagues distant. Where the blocks of syenite composing the terrace walls were obtained, I failed to discover

human voices. The captain (a humane man), fearing that, from want of rest, he had become temporarily deranged, argued with him as to the improbability of such being the case. If a vessel were at hand she could easily be seen, and no boat could possibly live in such a sea.

But again the man started and shouted:

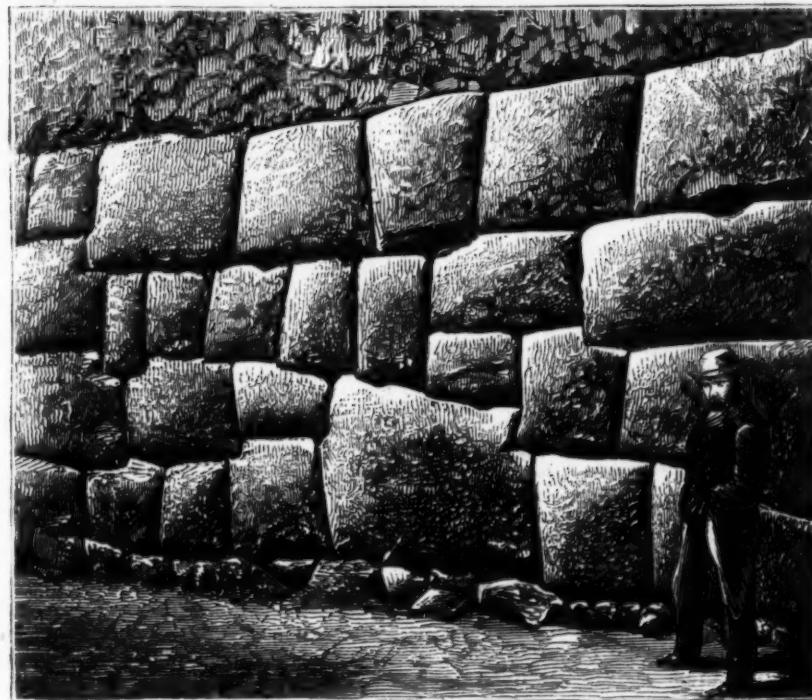
"Dimna ye hear it? Dimna ye hear it?"

Confirmed in his opinion as regarded the man's temporary insanity, he ordered him to call all hands and put the "ship about." Then the stern old Scotchman, falling on his knees, invoked him, by all that he held dear, to wait and not put his ship about, for if he did he would leave behind him the poor souls who were crying to him for assistance. Startled by the man's earnestness, and having sea-room enough not to care very much whether or not the vessel changed her course immediately, he resolved to humor the old fellow, and promised that he would not go about until eight o'clock. It was then four o'clock in the afternoon, and the night fast closing in.

Coming on deck again at half-past seven, the captain found the night looking very wild, the wind with that peculiar wail which portends its increase, and the lightning flashing with lurid glare through the murky atmosphere, lighting up at intervals the impenetrable darkness.

As he hurriedly paced the deck, a low, dismal, weird-like shout came up from out the gloom—a human cry, full of agony! All that he had ever heard of the supernatural was in an instant present to him, as his blood seemed to freeze in his veins.

Five hundred miles from any land, the gale



CYCLOPEAN WALLS OF THE PALACE OF INCA BOCCA, CUZCO, PERU.

The stone is not found in the neighborhood of Cuzco.

"The portion of the terrace wall shown in the engraving faces on the Calle del Triunfo, and includes the stone known as 'the stone of twelve angles,' which appears nearly in the centre of the engraving. The narrowness of the street prevented me from obtaining any but a light nearly coinciding with the vertical plane of the stones, so that their joints are thrown into deep shadow, and their accurate fitting consequently not well discernible. 'The stone of twelve angles' is, nevertheless, truly described by its name. It has that number of angles, into which the surrounding stones are perfectly fitted. It is five feet four inches in greatest width, and about four feet in greatest height, and is looked upon as one of the curiosities of Cuzco."

"I may observe that the cyclopean style of walls was adopted only in the facing of terraces and in the walls of fortresses. The palaces and temples were almost always of rectangular cut stones."

roaring and the seas breaking around him, whence could come a human voice?

Yea, there it was again—more wild, more agonizing! A flash lit up the blackness of the night, and for an instant revealed a boat full of men, close alongside, and then—all was dark again; but faint voices were distinctly heard begging for



A JAPANESE BARBER.

a rope. In less time than it takes to relate it, a rope was hove, the boat dropped astern, and with great difficulty and danger eight living beings (one of whom was a woman) were got on board and the boat cut adrift.

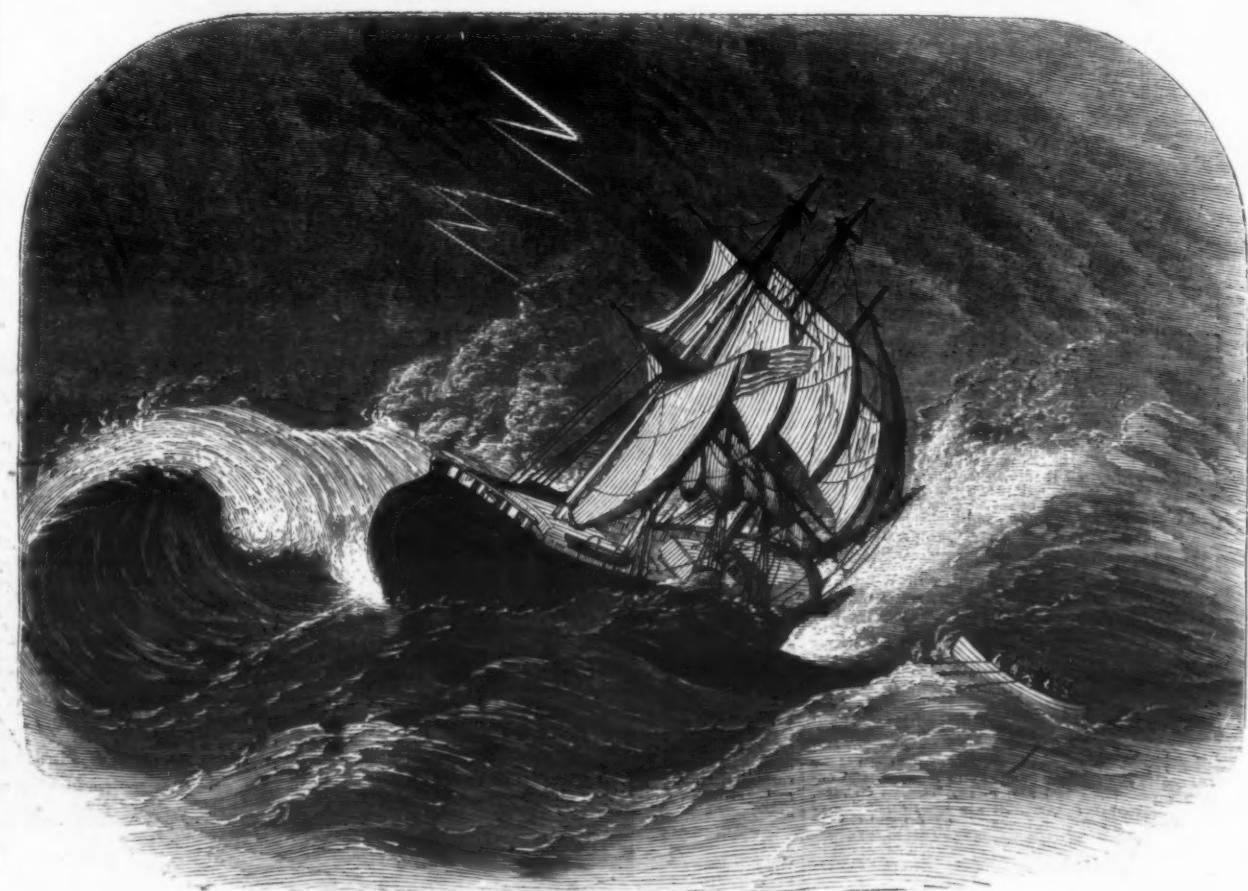
Every means were taken to restore the sufferers, who were in a state nearer dead than alive, three of whom, however, died shortly after they got on board. Their captain (as he proved to be) was the first who was able to give an account of himself: His vessel had gone down fifteen days before, and he had barely time to launch his boat and get into her his wife and crew; a bag of bread was thrown in, which was all they had to eat, and the wife in her fright had caught up an umbrella and thrown it into the boat, which proved a great instrument of their salvation, for, not having any water, they must rely upon the rain which they caught in the inverted umbrella.

For fifteen long days and nights had they been tossed about in that stormy ocean, suffering torments indescribable, and on the tenth day the captain's wife gave birth to a child.

During the narrative she had been lying in a state of semi-sensibility, but no sooner did she hear the word "child," than she sprang up in frenzy, wanting to know what they had done with her baby? The father then, for the first time, realized that the babe had not been saved, and rushed out on deck, followed by his wife, to jump into the boat; but the boat had been cut adrift an hour before, and was now miles astern upon the dark and stormy ocean. A marvelous rescue had been accomplished, but not a rescue for all!

#### THE JAPANESE BARBER.

THOUGH not "barbarous," in the acceptation of the term (except when they win a victory or do execution upon criminals), the Japanese are very "barberous" in another sense, as the tonsure is as carefully looked after in the land of the Tycoon as is the beard among the Shakers. We supply this week another illustration of Japanese manners and customs, in monsieur the barber, at work on one of his patients—"patients," in a double sense. He is gathering up the topknot,



A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE AT SEA.

THE following incident—no romance, but a most thrilling reality—was related by the captain of a New England ship, not many years ago, to a passenger who made the passage around Cape Horn with him, and not many miles from the point where the providential rescue had been accomplished. It illustrates (as shown in the illustration with which we accompany it) not only the terrible perils of sea and storm combined, but also the possibility of endurance beyond expectation when rescue has grown to be apparently a thing beyond hope.

A few years previously, when bound home from the Pacific, off Cape Horn, the captain's ship was caught in a violent gale, which lasted near a fortnight with uninterrupted violence. With ship dismasted, torn sails, and crew worn out by watching, the gale broke, but with a terrific sea running, and a dim, murky atmosphere, which circumscribed the vision. He was moodily pacing the deck, debating within himself whether or not the ship would not better lie on the other tack, when his attention was drawn to his carpenter (an old gray-headed Scot), who, although it was his watch below, was standing looking intently at the horizon. Calling him to him and asking him what he saw, he replied that he had seen nothing, but that he had heard the sound of

[Nov. 17, 1866.]

which is to be tied with an ornamental band, the rest of the crown being scrupulously shaved. The whole operation is tedious enough, but the elderly gentleman whom we see under the barber's hands in this instance has evidently made up his mind to a long sitting, with his legs tucked beneath the low table, on which are placed a pair of basins containing the soap-lather and other lavenments. The Japanese cutlery is excellent, and there is no fear of a blunt razor in this respectable barber's shop, especially as there is no instance on record of one of his kidney shaving with his oyster knife, or opening oysters with his razor—the two special perils of hairdressing and shaving humanity in what is called "civilization."

**PLenty OF FOOD, TEMPORARILY.**—The Hamilton (Australia) *Spectator* is responsible for the following: Every one who has been to Hamilton must have become acquainted with the name, if not with the person, of Father Farrelly. He was formerly settled at Mount Moriac, and being last week on a visit to that place, he was entertained at dinner by the members of the shire council. In responding to the toast of his health, he told the following story, which, good as it is to read, must have been infinitely better as it fell from the lips of the relator: "During the time (said Mr. Farrelly) that the land selection was taking place at Hamilton, there was, as is well known, hardly a lodging to be obtained. Some friends of mine, hearing that I was resident at Hamilton, locked me up and thus secured a lodgings. The next morning there was a succession of knocks at the door, and neighbor after neighbor came, bringing in joints of meat, some in tin dishes, some in other dishes. Well, I thought that the neighbors, knowing that I got visitors, were making me presents, and I felt grateful for them. My servant took them in, and in course of time they were cooked and placed on the table. I have often heard of tables groaning, but never did I see table so loaded as on that occasion. However, like good trenchermen, we were not dismayed by this superabundance of the good things of this life, so we went to work, and had just about finished our task, when there came a rap at the door, and this was followed by a succession of raps. I took no notice of the occurrence, but suddenly we were startled by a noise in the passage, very much resembling the sound of blows. I immediately went out, and addressing the first intruder, said: 'My good woman, what do you mean by making such a noise as this in my house at such a time?' 'Shure,' says she, 'I want my joint.' 'What do you mean?' 'Ah, shure, now don't you try to pitch the blamey with me now. Didn't you cause that 'ere sign to be stuck up outside yer door? I could not make out what this meant, so we went on our hats and went to the garden fence to see the cause of all the row.' On the fence was suspended a neatly painted sign-board, with the words, 'Dinners baked here.' The sign, it would appear, had been left there by a drunken painter."

**A STATUE WITHOUT A HEAD.**—The bustle now constantly observable in the Parisian Champ de Mars, consequent upon the preparations for the Exhibition, has induced the papers to notice—not, probably, for the first time—that in an obscure corner of waste land between the Avenue de la Bourdonnaye and the Rue de l'Université there is a colossal statue in bronze of Louis XVI., which anybody may see by peeping through a grating. This statue, a splendid work of art, and perhaps the largest in the world, being twenty-two French feet high and weighing 100,000 lbs. French, was cast in Paris in 1829, by order of Charles X., and was intended to be erected in a public place of Bordeaux. The reason, as given by the journals, why the statue was never sent to its destination is, that the municipality of that city declined to incur the enormous expense of the transport of such a mass of metal. It has been suggested that now that the railway would convey Louis XVI. from Paris to Bordeaux for a trifling sum, the Bordeaux people would do well to claim their property and endow their city with a great novelty. Probably they will, if they can, make out their title. But the *Evenement* gives a most extraordinary explanation indeed of the true grounds for the seclusion of the statue. It does not know the name of the sculptor, but says that it was cast by Crozatier, an eminent bronze founder, who died in Paris in 1855. This Crozatier, after his splendid copy of the Venetian horses of Bosio, which yet ornament the triumphal arch of the Carrousel, was presented to Charles X., who made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and at the same time gave him the order for the colossal statue of Louis XVI. He took the utmost pains with the work, which he expected to be the greatest of his life. But, wonderful to tell and difficult to believe, when the molten metal had cooled, and the mold was removed, it turned out that the statue, perfect in every other respect, had no head! The bronze meant to form the head had in some way escaped through fissures intended only to carry off superfluous. Crozatier, though terribly vexed at this failure, set to work and remedied it in a few hours; but the story having reached the ears of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, she saw the hand of God in the accident, and exclaimed: "For heaven's sake, let us spare this venerable memory from any further insult!" These words were at the time equivalent to a command, and so the statue was left from that day to this hidden among heaps of rubbish.

**IMPARTIAL JUSTICE IN RUSSIA.**—The following extract from a St. Petersburg letter in the *Independence Belge* shows that in Russia the horror of the law and its judges is impartially exercised: "Count L., one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, was summoned a month ago before a judge, on the complaint of a tradesman to whom he neglected to pay a small account. The count at first refused to appear, but at the third summons, being warned that he risked being condemned by default to an imprisonment of two months, he attended before the magistrate and paid the money, saying, 'He preferred to pay without discussion rather than have anything to do with a tribunal of clodhoppers' (in Russian, 'Khlopakoy Soude'). The judges arrested him, and sent him to a week's imprisonment for contempt of court. The count applied to the Emperor in order to escape his sentence, but his Majesty replied that all he could do for him was to intercede with the judge to change his sentence to six weeks' confinement in his own house, which was done, and the count is now undergoing it. The second affair happened at Moscow. A rich widow, Madame Masourine, well known from her ostentatious piety and for the large sum which she spent in building churches and convents, took it into her head to refuse payment of a small debt, and the master going before a tribunal, an order was ultimately issued to seize her furniture. The police arrived to carry out the sentence, when they found the door fast, and in spite of their summons in the name of the law it remained unopen. They then attempted to scale the wall, when the mistress of the house ordered a number of savage dogs to be let loose. Seeing this, the police retired, and Madame Masourine was summoned to appear before the magistrate, and was condemned to two months' imprisonment."

**A GIRDLE OF STEAM AROUND THE WORLD.**—A Philadelphia paper calls attention to the fact that the beginning of the new year will witness the inauguration of unbroken steam communication around the globe, to be thenceforth prosecuted as regularly as the arrival and departure of European steamships at our wharfs. The steamship Henry Chauncey will sail on the 11th of December for the Isthmus; will connect there with the Golden City for San Francisco; and from San Francisco on the first day of January the steamship Colorado will sail for Yokohama, in Japan, and Hong Kong, in China. If, arrived at the latter port, the passenger wishes still to journey westward, he can proceed by the boats of the Peninsular and Oriental Company to Bombay, and onward, through the Red Sea, to the Isthmus of Suez, which, crossed by rail, conducts to the British line of Mediterranean steamers, touching at Malta and Gibraltar, and arrive in England, where a few hours of railway will enable him to take passage in one of a dozen line of steamships for this country—the supposed point of departure.

### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

DOUGLAS JERROLD calls woman's arms "the serpents that wind about a man's neck, killing his best resolutions." The "oldest inhabitant" says he don't object to them kind o' serpents.

JOHN PHOENIX went to the theatre when Mrs. Smith was advertised to appear "in two pieces." After the performance he demanded the return of his money, for Mrs. Smith had appeared whole in both performances.

WHY is a flirt like a hollow India-rubber ball? Because she is very empty and has a great deal of bounce.

A CAPTAIN who had a sound sleeping mate, caught an Irish boy in the middle watch frying some pork and eggs he had stolen from the ship's stores, to whom the captain called out:

"You lubber, you, I'll have none of that."

"Faith, captain, I've none for ye," replied the lad.

TAKEN DOWN.—A Paris banker was recently presented to Prince Demidoff, who, to prevent conversation from dropping, said:

"You have a beautiful breastpin."

The banker, delighted, for he was proud of his breastpin, said:

"Yes, it is a very rare stone."

Prince Demidoff replied:

"Very rare and very expensive. You can't imagine the trouble I have had to get my chimney-pieces at St. Petersburg, for they are made of it."

The banker turned as many colors as a dying dolphin.

THE WIVES OF ENGLISH ECCLESIASTICAL DIGNITARIES DO NOT PARTAKE OF THE SACRED TITLES OF THEIR LORDS; AND IT IS RATHER FUNNY, AT THE FIRST GLANCE TO READ IN THE LONDON PAPERS THAT "THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK AND MRS. THOMPSON ARRIVED AT FULHAM PALACE, YESTERDAY, ON A VISIT TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND MRS. TAFT."

SOMEBODY HAS BEEN MAKING CURIOUS CALCULATIONS ABOUT THE WHEAT CROP IN ILLINOIS, IN 1865, AND FINDS THAT IF MADE INTO JOHNNY CAKE IT WOULD FEED THE POPULATION OF THE WORLD TWO DAYS; AND THAT TO STORE THE WHEAT WOULD REQUIRE A CRIB EIGHT FEET HIGH BY EIGHT FEET WIDE, ALLOWING TWO AND A HALF FEET TO A BUSHEL, 3,276 MILES IN LENGTH, REACHING FROM PASSAMAQUODDY BAY TO SAN FRANCISCO, AND A GOOD SHARE OF THE DISTANCE BACK.

THE PERSIMMON REGIMENT.—THE RICHMOND CORRESPONDENT OF THE DAUVILLE REGISTER TELLS THE FOLLOWING ANECDOTE OF GENERAL "ALLEGHANY" JOHNSTON, ON THE MARCH TO BRISTOL STATION, IN THE FALL OF 1863: THE GENERAL WAS RIDING ALONG THE ROAD, AND PERCEIVING ONE OF HIS MEN UPON A PERSIMMON TREE, HALLOED TO HIM: "WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" "SHURE," SAYS SHE, "I WANT MY JOINT."

"I SAY THERE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE? WHY AIN'T YOU WITH YOUR REGIMENT?"

"I AM GETTING PERSIMMONS, I AM," REPLIED THE SOLDIER.

"PERSIMMONS, THUNDER! THEY ARE NOT RIPE YET. THEY ARE NOT FIT TO EAT."

"YES, BUT GENERAL," PERSISTED THE CONFEDERATE, "I AM TRYING TO DRAW MY STOMACH UP TO SUIT THE SIZE OF MY RATIONS. IF IT STAYS LIKE IT IS NOW, I SHALL STARVE."

THE GENERAL HAD NOTHING FURTHER TO SAY, BUT RODE ON.

A MARRIED WRETCH SAYS THE GREATEST GIFT VOUCHSED TO ANY LIVING MAN WAS THAT GRANTED TO ADAM, AS HE WAS BLESSED WITH A WIFE WITHOUT EVER HAVING A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

ASIA IS PRONOUNCED CIVILIZED AT LAST, AS A PARASSE MERCHANT HAS FAILED FOR FIFTEEN MILLION. SO WERE THE SANDWICH ISLANDS WHEN THE PEOPLE BEGAN TO GET DRUNK, AND SHOW OTHER COGNATE PROOFS OF THE "EFFECT OF INSTRUCTION."

OBSTRUCTED IN HIS SPIRITUALITY.—A CERTAIN DEACON WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF MEN, BUT BY NATURE VERY IRASCIBLE. A COW WAS SO EXCEDEDLY DISORDERLY AS THE DEACON WAS ATTEMPTING TO MILK HER ONE MORNING, THAT THE OLD ADAM GOT THE BETTER OF HIM, AND HE VENTED HIS EXCITED FEELINGS IN A VOLLEY OF EXECRATIONS VERY UNDECORATIVE IN THEIR CHARACTER. AT THIS MOMENT THE GOOD DEACON'S PASTOR APPEARED UNEXPECTEDLY ON THE SCENE, AND ANNOUNCED HIS PRESENCE BY SAYING:

"WHY, DEACON! CAN IT BE? ARE YOU SWEARING?"

"WELL, PARSON," REPLIED THE DEACON, "I DIDN'T THINK OF ANY ONE BEING NEAR BY; BUT THE TRUTH IS, I NEVER SHALL ENJOY RELIGION AS LONG AS I KEEP THIS COW."

CURIOS RELICS AT HIGH PRICES.—THE IVORY ARM-CHAIR PRESENTED BY THE CITY OF LUBECK TO GUSTAVUS VASA WAS SOLD IN 1825 TO M. SCHINKEL, A CHAMBERLAIN OF THE KING OF SWEDEN, FOR 120,000 FRANCS; THE PRAYER-BOOK USED BY CHARLES I., OF ENGLAND, ON THE COFFEE-TABLE, FETCHED 2,500 FRANCS; THE COAT WORN BY CHARLES XII. AT THE BATTLE OF PULTOON WAS SOLD IN EDINBURGH FOR 561,000 FRANCS; AND IN 1816 LORD SCHWARZERBERY GAVE 16,595 FRANCS FOR A TOOTH OF NEWTON, WHICH IS NOW SET IN A RING AND WORN BY THE ELDEST BRANCH OF THAT FAMILY.

ALWAYS READY AND ALWAYS PERFECT.—LEAVING OUT THE QUESTION WHETHER ALL THE OTHER SEWING MACHINES DO OR DO NOT POSSESS ALL THE ADVANTAGES CLAIMED FOR THEM BY THOSE INTERESTED, ONE THING IS CERTAIN, THAT THE *ETNA* SEWING MACHINE HAS THIS ADVANTAGE OVER ALL OTHERS, MORE THAN COMPENSATING THE CLAIMS OF THE MOST ARROGANT RIVALRY: IT IS SO SIMPLE IN ITS WORKING, THAT ITS MANIPULATION CAN BE LEARNED AT ONCE BY THE MOST ORDINARY INTELLECT; WHILE AT THE SAME TIME THAT VERY SIMPLICITY KEEPS IT FROM GETTING OUT OF ORDER, AND PREVENTS THE NECESSITY OF ITS BEING (AS SOME OF THE OTHERS SAY) TO BE RUN BY A MACHINIST!

A NATIONAL AFFAIR.—MANY ENTERPRISES HAVE BEEN RECENTLY ADVERTISED PURPORTING TO BE FOR THE BENEFIT OF CERTAIN CHARITABLE OBJECTS, BUT WHICH WERE REALLY PRIVATE SPECULATIONS, ENDORSED BY NO ONE OF RESPONSIBILITY, AND GENERALLY PARADING THE NAMES OF PROMINENT PERSONS AS REFERENCES, WITHOUT EVEN THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE PERSONS WHOMSE NAMES WERE THUS USED. WE DO NOT LIKE TO LET THIS OCCASION PASS WITHOUT CALLING PUBLIC ATTENTION TO THE VERY DIFFERENT MANNER IN WHICH A *GENUINE AFFAIR* IS CONDUCTED. WE REFER PARTICULARLY TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN ANOTHER COLUMN OF THE GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL FOR THE BENEFIT OF DESTITUTE CHILDREN OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS. IN THIS A CARD OF ENDORSEMENT APPEARS, SIGNED BY MRS. GENERAL GRANT, MRS. JUDGE DALY, MRS. MAJOR-GENERAL FREMONT AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED LADIES. THESE ARE ACCOMPANIED BY A CARD FROM SEVERAL DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN, ALL OF WHOM PERSONALLY ENDORSE THE ENTERPRISE, IN WHICH THEY ARE COLLECTIVELY INTERESTED.

AMERICAN PIANOS.—FEW BRANCHES OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURE HAVE SHOWN SUCH RAPID GROWTH WITHIN THE LAST TWENTY YEARS AS THAT OF PIANOFORTES. NOT ONLY HAS THE DEMAND INCREASED IN PROportion TO OUR VAST INCREASE IN POPULATION AND WEALTH, BUT IS NOW MUCH GREATER—NOTWITHSTANDING THE TENS OF THOUSANDS THAT HAVE BEEN SOLD—THAN AT ANY PREVIOUS PERIOD. NOR IS IT NOW NECESSARY, AS FORMERLY THOUGHT TO BE THE CASE, TO SEND TO EUROPE WHEN A SUPERIOR, FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT WAS REQUIRED, ESPECIALLY FOR CONCERT PURPOSES. NOW WE ARE ABLE TO COMPETE WITH THE VERY BEST MAKERS IN EUROPE, AND INSTEAD OF IMPORTING, WE EXPORT PIANOS IN LARGE NUMBERS. THIS IS TRUE, PARTICULARLY OF THE HOUSE OF CHICKERING & SONS, WHOSE INSTRUMENTS HAVE ACQUIRED A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION, AND HAVE RECEIVED THE HIGHEST PRAISE FROM THE MOST DISTINGUISHED COMPOSERS AND PROFESSORS OF MUSIC IN ENGLAND AND GERMANY, SUCH AS WEBB, HATTON, OSBORNE, BENEDICT, BEGONDI, PAUDY, RENICKOE, &c. BUT THE TESTIMONIAL OF THE MESSRS. COLLARD, THE CELEBRATED MANUFACTURERS OF PIANOS IN LONDON, IS STILL MORE REMARKABLE. AFTER A THOROUGH TRIAL OF A CHICKERING PIANO, THEY STATE THEY CONSIDER IT "ONE OF THE FINEST GRAND PIANOFORTES THAT HAVE EVER COME UNDER THEIR OBSERVATION; AND THE MESSRS. CHICKERING MAY WELL BE PROUD OF HAVING TURNED OUT FROM THEIR MANUFACTORY AN INSTRUMENT WHICH FOR TOUCH, QUALITY, POWER, AND WORKMANSHIP, IT WOULD BE VERY DIFFICULT TO SURPASS IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD." THIS IS PRETTY GOOD FOR A RIVAL MAKER OF THE INSTRUMENT.—*NEW YORK EVANGELIST.*

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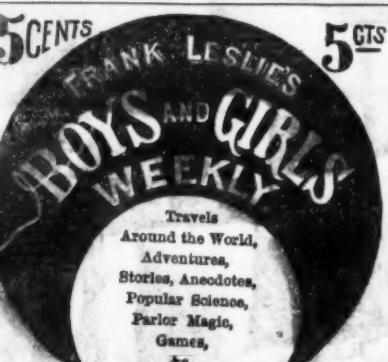
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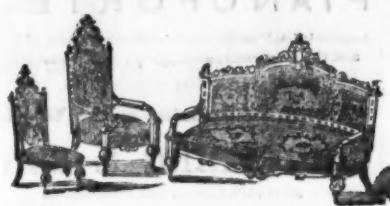
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NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. DAVID HOTY, Secretary.

Mrs. WILLIAM S. HILLERY, Corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. HERVEY G. LAW, Manager.

Mrs. ROBERT FORSTER, 1st Vice-President.

Mrs. J. J. VAN DALEM, Manager.

Mrs. JOHN H. WHITE, Treasurer.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

The undersigned, desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the city of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

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Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.  
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.  
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL,  
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Major-General JAMES F. HALL.

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